TWOPENCE
Vol. LX.
1593.

CHRISTMAS IN BETHLEHEM: By H. V. MORTON (SEE PAGE NINE)

JOHN BULL

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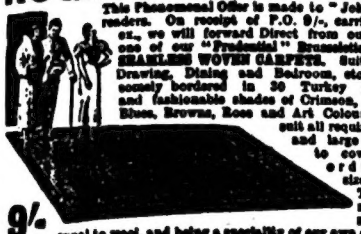

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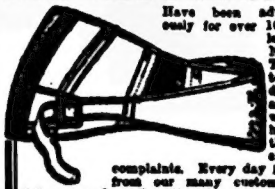

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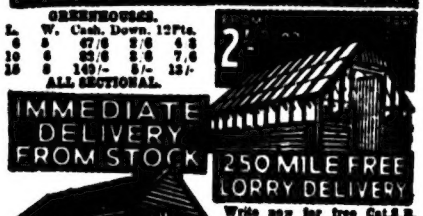

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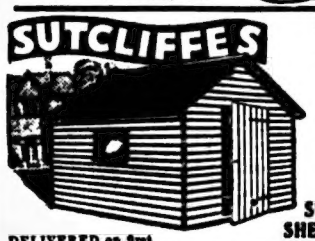

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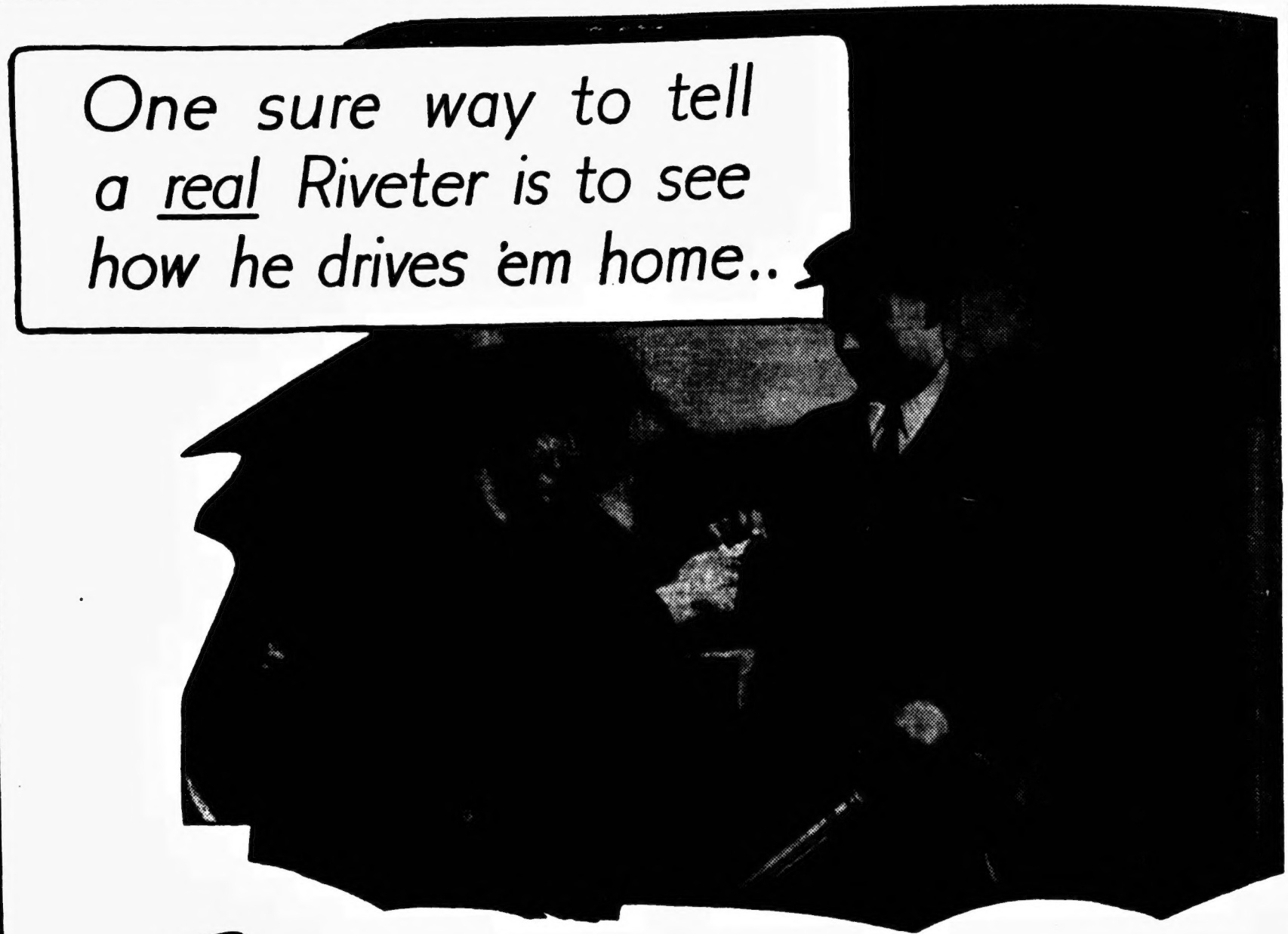

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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

Christmas Mockery For MILLIONS

MERRY Christmas to every reader of John Bull and to every family in Britain!

Yet, this Christmastide, millions have nothing on which to make merry, no prospect of better times to come. For them the Festival is just a ghastly mockery. The Unemployment Assistance Board or the Public Assistance Committee is the only Father Christmas who will visit their homes.

Remember that when you are lucky enough to sit down cosily to a Christmas dinner table surrounded by happy faces and warm family friendship.

The richest nation in the world cannot yet manage its business well enough to find work for more than a tenth of its people. And the Government which you have chosen to rule you is too mean and stupid to do more than keep the homes where unemployment is king at a level of slow starvation.

This means a bread and dripping Christmas for the children. A Christmas without toys or stockings or fun. A cold Christmas.

☆ ★ ☆

All this has been said many times before. It has been said each Christmas since the war. We do not apologise for saying it again. It needs saying every day.

Of course, most of you who can afford to do so have done your part this Christmas to try and cheer some unemployed family. That is to the good. But such charity is not enough, and you must not allow your charity to quieten your conscience.

You have a responsibility for all the homes which are black and miserable this Christmas through unemployment. How can you discharge it? What ought you to do? What ought John Bull to do about it?

First we must recognise, and get quite clear in our minds, that charity, good will and social service—call it what you like—are not enough to tackle this disaster which has overtaken millions of human beings.

No amount of private kindness can touch the tragedy of South Wales, North-East England, and those other areas where industry has dried up at its source and the people are slowly dying in consequence. All the social service on earth remains about as effective as a single bucket of oil would be to calm an angry storm in mid-Atlantic.

☆ ★ ☆

Political action alone can bring help where political indifference in the past allowed the whole fabric of economic and social life to collapse in ruins.

So John Bull asks you to bring your Christmas spirit into your politics. As you read these words you are full of Christmas good will to all men. You want every home to be as happy as we hope yours is to-day.

The only way in which you can realise this wish is by the unexciting and dry path of bread and butter politics. Again and again John Bull has pleaded for a comprehensive national scheme to attract new industries to the distressed areas. We come back to the issue again at Christmas, heartened because at last it looks as if something may perhaps happen.

The promise of a new Special Areas Bill before the end of May has been wrung from the Cabinet. It was a reluctant promise exacted by the more alive Conservative M.P.s, who threatened open and drastic mutiny unless "something was done."

Give a thought, fortunate ones, to the other less fortunate, and resolve to help get something done

Therefore, you may be sure, as meagre and wretched a Bill as possible will be produced, because men like Neville Chamberlain publicly proclaim their belief that nothing effective can be done for the Distressed Areas, and it is only throwing good money after bad to try the impossible.

And so the fate of the Distressed Areas, and of the distressed folk in them, lies in your hands. We ask you to resolve this Christmas to concentrate your Christmas spirit into the fight for these unhappy people.

It is not a glamorous or romantic campaign. Poverty and distress are harsh, unpleasant things. Much nicer not to worry about them until they worry you—especially at Christmas. Much nicer to pretend, like many comfortable people and newspapers, that there are no unemployed or distressed areas.

But you cannot join in such a game of make-believe. Remember the workless every day, and realise that they are bleeding the social fabric of Britain white so long as the Government allows them to starve on in silent misery.

☆ ★ ☆

Remember that your own local M.P. knows all this. But if he is a Government supporter, he is mostly afraid to say so, still more is he afraid to vote against the Government. He fears that he will not get back at the next election if he does so.

Let him know he certainly will not be elected again unless he forces the Government to pass and operate a real national measure to rescue the Distressed Areas.

If you do this, and if you so persuade all your friends that they do so too, you can either force the Bill you want through Parliament or else bring down Neville Chamberlain's Government in the first few weeks of his Premiership when he has succeeded Baldwin after the Coronation.

These men at Westminster have lost touch with the real feeling of the nation on this matter. Let them know that the families in the Distressed Areas are not forgotten men and women. Let them know that you remember them and their misery each day.

Let them know that unless Westminster adopts your point of view, most of the old familiar faces will be missing from the next House of Commons.

This is the best Christmas present you can make to your fellow-men and women who live in darkness and misery. Be sure you give it to them.

Straight From the Shoulder

WHY HONOURS ARE HELD UP

Dominions Will Be Very Prominent

WHEN the delayed New Year's Honours List appears on February 1 the public will recognise the significance of the strong Dominions flavour.

That is a direct outcome of the recent crisis, in which the Dominions played a leading and very decisive part.

The original list was prepared under the influence of the former monarch, and naturally his preferences were expressed.

As soon as he had abdicated and the Honours List naturally came up for review, it was decided that there would have to be many changes.

* * *

All along the Dominions had been reading stories about King Edward the Eighth and Mrs. Simpson, and the Premiers and leaders of public opinion at Ottawa, Canberra, Christchurch and Capetown had made up their minds what stand to take.

All these leaders rallied to Mr. Baldwin, and his gratitude will be expressed in the form of honours to representative men.

* * *

The Dominions have strong views on the acceptance of honours. In all cases there must be consultation among the Parties concerned, so that there shall be no controversy afterwards.

That is one of the main reasons for the delay, but good progress has been made.

Among those most prominently mentioned is Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, Dominions Secretary, who had the difficult and delicate task of keeping to Mr. Baldwin's instructions, and maintaining contact with the Empire.

Abyssinian Headache

Abyssinia is causing the diplomats a lot of headaches. Mr. Anthony Eden declares that Britain has no intention of formally recognising the conquest of the "Lion of Judah's" land.

But even Eden's most ardent defenders are openly saying that some form of "gentlemen's agreement" will shortly be signed to get round the difficulty of having a British consul or two in Abyssinia and at the same time not recognising that Italy is the conqueror.

Italy is finding the Mediterranean a stormy sea at the moment and would be glad to reach some kind of pact with Britain. So, look out for a nice piece of diplomatic juggling.

End Coal Ramp

Only a determined Minister of Mines can stop the coal ramp. Prices have been raised for domestic supplies for some time; now manufacturers who have to buy on contract are faced with demands for increases ranging from 2s. 3d. to 4s. 6d. a ton. The miner's share of this rise is 6d. a ton.

There is, of course, a committee of investigation in each district, but only the experts know this. The Minister's job is to stop the selling organisations, and to make sure that coalowners do not profiteer on public sympathy for the miner.

Black Areas Action

While Ministers cannot make up their minds what to do about the Black Areas, the Special Areas Reconstruction Association has made a grant of £10,000 to establish in West Hartlepool a factory for steel girders and rods.

The £10,000 is an interest-free loan for two years and the total capital of the company will be £25,000. Already there is an order in sight worth £15,000.

Perhaps we shall now hear why something of the sort cannot be done for Jarrow and places in South Wales where the need is as great, if not greater.

Mr. Malcolm MacDonald's ears should be tingling

Watch Palestine

As soon as the orange and grapefruit harvest has been marketed we expect the Palestine Arabs to steal a few headlines from the Moors who are fighting for Franco in Spain. Business men who depend on Palestine tell us that they were not at all impressed by the withdrawal of British troops and the stage-managed escape of the rebel leader across the border.

Departure of the Royal Commission for England to write its report will be the signal for a new outbreak, and if the concessions are not big enough there will be a much more serious campaign than last time, when a small army was needed to keep the country from civil war.

Jewellers, Look Out!

Here's a new trick for cheating jewellers. A man buys a cheap cigarette-case and leaves his umbrella leaning against a counter. As he goes out a woman enters and asks to see diamond rings.

While she is examining the rings she drops one into the folds of the umbrella. During a discussion on prices the man who left the umbrella hurries back to say he is so glad he remembered where he had left it—and walks out with the umbrella, and the ring.

Freehold Stranglehold

The freehold ramp is still going on. Latest example, where the leaseholder bid up to £400 at the sale of the ground rent on his home.

The speculator bought at £405, and subsequently the leaseholder had to pay £900 to avoid the very expensive consequences of having to comply with a long list of dilapidations or contest them in court. This is all part of the ramp.

War On Bribery

Mr. G. Mander, M.P., intends to try to get the Chancellor to alter the laws about income-tax on bribery.

The Chancellor has admitted that firms which pay bribes are allowed to claim them as expenses for income-tax relief, while the receivers of bribes are taxed on them if they are traced.

Mr. Mander believes that this makes bribes look too much like a legitimate business expense.

Fix War Victims' Pensions Now

Royalty—Another Warning

Trouble in the East

ADEQUATE pensions for ex-Servicemen has been one of our battles for years. Now the Prime Minister has asked the Minister of Pensions, Mr. Herwald Ramsbotham, to receive a deputation of M.P.s who want the appointment of a commission to review the claims of all ex-Servicemen said to be suffering from the effects of the last war and to see that fitting payments are made.

While the Government is placing contracts for millions in its defence preparations, let it consider fixing now the scales of pensions to be paid to the prospective victims of the "next war."

Pensions paid out while the fighting is going on are always more generous than when the waves of false patriotism have died down. To fix the scales now would avoid a great deal of agitation when hostilities are over.

Value Of A Leg!

Let the scales be threshed out in Parliament and the facts be made known to the prospective recruits.

It would give a touch of realism to the national plans, and would let Britain's manhood know just what value is placed on a leg, an arm, or an eye given in defence of whatever the next conflict is to be about.

There is justice in the proposal. Arms makers will be paid on delivery of the wares—sometimes they get part-payment in advance—so there is no reason why the soldier, the sailor and the airman who is prepared to give everything should not be told exactly what the nation thinks he is worth—dead, alive, or maimed.

Silent Service

JOHN BULL's silent services on behalf of readers who cannot by themselves take up their cases with Government Departments are again encouraged by a pensions claim which has just been settled.

A former private in the Royal Marine Light Infantry lost his right arm and right leg and is unable to use crutches. It was pointed out to the authorities that his pension of 5s. a week was out of all proportion. Now we learn that after a medical examination the man is to receive 10s. a week.

Recruits For This

Duff Cooper cannot get all the young men he needs for the Regular Army, but he is finding that recruits are rolling in well for the National Defence Force, which is made up of men up to sixty. It was at first called the "National Defence Farce." They are needed for guarding important points such as bridge-heads and railway centres in the event of a national emergency.

While a number of divisions are up to strength, there is a shortage of 8,455, which is expected to be made up shortly. The moral in all this should be obvious to those who say they want to keep the voluntary system. Improve the conditions in the Army, raise the pay, make it more of a national service and the recruits will come in.

Adulation Of Royalty

JOHN BULL warned you of the grave dangers of "excessive adulation" of Royalty. Now, only a few days after the storm has died down, one of the solemn newspapers has been proclaiming to the world, on the word of an "hotel authority," that all the world is coming to see a Coronation ceremony in which the two little princesses will figure.

The silly story goes on to say that, with the exception of Shirley Temple, Princess Elizabeth is the most popular child in the world. It's not even certain yet that the little princesses will take part in the ceremony, so why drag in the Hollywood stuff?

Crusade Against Windmills

The Roman Catholic Church is launching a crusade against Communism in Britain.

It's a hard job nowadays to find the Communist Party, for it so very often appears along with the Liberal Party that we expect to find a new alignment in British politics, with Harry Pollitt and, perhaps, Sir Archibald Sinclair forming the "unpopular front." No, the Church of Rome has many jobs to do, but Communist-hunting is not one of them.

Hope In Divorce

Divorce as a subject ripe for wise reform has been given a big push forward by the recent crisis and the Bill now before Parliament. The Church, too, is moderating its views as shown by the statements of the Anglo-Catholic Bishop of Bradford, Dr. Blunt, and the much more cautious Bishop of Chichester, the Rt. Rev. G. K. A. Bell.

It is now suggested that, apart from any action taken by Parliament, before marriages in church the parties should be solemnly warned that they are entering into a covenant that cannot be broken.

One result of the "warnings" to those about to be married will be that fewer and fewer marriages will take place in church.

Children In Workhouse

Children are still living in workhouses. Sir Kingsley Wood, Minister of Health, admits it in a report he has made to Parliament.

He says it "is to be regretted," and admits that while he has the power to order local authorities to end this state of things, he has not made the necessary orders.

He adds that he is trying to persuade local authorities to build scattered homes and groups of cottages, where the children can live normal lives under the charge of capable foster-mothers.

Real Charity

One of the biggest gestures we have heard of for a long time was made by Messrs. C. W. Burnes, Ltd., of Ilford, Essex, when Henry George East, a clerk, was charged with stealing £115 from the safe of this firm for whom he had worked for thirty-four years.

East—who was discharged in court—is being sent to the seaside by his employers to recover from an illness, and when he is better they are to take him back. That's something like a Dickens story, and a great credit to the firm.

Run On Cottages

Government workers are crowding rural workers out of their cottages by offering rents that are low to them, but which are nearly a week's wages to the men who live on the land.

War Office and Air Ministry expansion is taking many officials into the country to work, and now that there is a scarcity of cottages in many places the Ministry of Health is reminding local authorities that they should get on with the job of providing cottages.

Marriage Allowances

Married soldiers are not placed on the marriage allowance roll until they attain the age of twenty-six, when they are also automatically placed on the waiting list for the married quarters' roll.

This is the answer to many readers who wrote in after our article "Shadow of Conscription Over Us," in which it was stated, through a printers' error, that the marriage allowance was granted at the age of twenty-one.

GOD Grant My Prayer

By A. G. GARDINER

NO incident at this time of the year dwells in the mind more fragrantly than that of Christmas, 1914. Europe was in the midst of the greatest war that had ever afflicted the earth—a war that was destined to slay ten millions of the flower of the youth of the nations, and to leave tens of millions more crippled and broken.

And on that Christmas morning, by a common impulse, the guns ceased firing, the embattled ranks laid down their arms, foe fraternised with foe and the Christian nations, armed to the teeth, made obeisance to their common faith.

It was as though on that day, with its memories of home and its message of "Peace on earth: good will to men," the soul of man revolted against the infamous outrage to those memories and that message which the war implied.

* * * *

In that episode the soldiers rebuked the insanity of which they were the instruments and the victims. They repudiated the hates which they were officially expected to feel towards each other and grasped in friendship the hands of those they were sent to kill and who were sent to kill them.

For one brief day the scales fell from their eyes. They saw each other as men of like affections and like faith, caught in a monstrous, rat-infested trap, where they slew and were slain, while their hearts were by their own firesides and the Christmas anthem shamed the scene of horror in which they were cast.

That was the vision of Peace which visited the British and German soldiers as they faced each other across the No Man's Land in Flanders at Christmastide twenty-two years ago. It was the same vision to which General Lee gave expression during the Civil War in America when he rebuked an army chaplain whose sermon to the men had invoked hatred of the enemy.

"Don't you think," he said, "that your sermon was contrary to the gospel that we and the enemy alike accept? I do not hate the enemy. I have only one prayer, that they should be sent back to their farms to attend to their business, and that we should be able to go back to our farms to attend to ours."

* * * *

It is well that at another Christmastide we should remind ourselves that even in the heart of the soldier—indeed, most in the heart of the soldier—war is only a dreadful violation of the deepest instincts by which we live, as well as of the gospel the Christian world affects to reverence.

There is no aspiration more universal than that of "Give peace in our time, O Lord."

How true that is of the people of this country was shown in the recent plebiscite, and it is not less true of other peoples and of other times. It has always been so and must always be so. For peace is the cement of human society. It is the only condition on which civilisation can exist, in which the moral law can reign, and in which the security of our homes and the personal happiness of ourselves and our children can be won and safeguarded.

The story of the ages is the story of man's quest for peace. Even war itself is only a paradoxical, inverted quest of peace—peace for ourselves, security for ourselves at the expense of the peace and security of others.

The vision of a world reconciled and at harmony within itself has been the dream of all the best minds of the ages. To accomplish that dream has been the goal of the Church, however mistakenly it has sometimes pursued that goal. Thinkers and philosophers like Erasmus and Kant have applied their genius to devising schemes of perpetual and universal peace, and even Napoleon, in his days of exile, claimed that his ultimate purpose had been to establish a unity of Europe which would banish war as the chief enemy of mankind.

And in spite of this common inspiration for peace, the whole history of humanity is a tale of war and bloodshed. The motives have changed and the methods have changed, but war has remained as the constant terror of the common life.

There is hardly a square mile of Europe which has not been stained with the blood of battle. There is hardly a village that has not cowered before the invader.

* * * *

Sometimes the motive was sheer lust and conquest. For centuries it was rival dynastic ambitions that made Europe a shambles. In the seventeenth century it was the wars of religion that depopulated central Europe and had their echo in our own Civil War.

And, finally, with the growth of nationalisms, wars took on the character of racial conflicts and bitter struggles for industrial and economic supremacy.

And through all these bloodstained centuries the implements of war have grown more formidable, and the toll of war more terrible. The bows and arrows of the past have given place to weapons that can raze a city ten, twenty miles away, to gases that can poison an army or a town, to bombs that can scatter universal death and destruction from the skies.

The genius of man has created a monster which threatens civilisation itself with annihilation. Science, which should have been the servant of peace, has become the agent of destruction. We stand, as it were, helpless before its titanic power.

For the moral and political resources of mankind for protecting itself have not grown with the growth of the menace. Science has made a world compact against war the one hope of saving civilisation.

But the nations instead are running to shelter under an effete nationalism. They are living in the ideas of security which belonged to the eighteenth century, while the mighty engine of the twentieth century threatens them with a common ruin.

* * * *

This is the position the world finds itself in on the eve of another Christian season that brings with it the ancient cry, "Peace on earth; good will to men." Never was that call so urgent as now.

Centuries of the quest of peace have left Europe and its white civilisation more vulnerable to complete and final catastrophe than they have ever been.

The terrific lesson of the Great War has passed unlearned, and all the Continent is a vast arsenal preparing for a crash that will write "Finis" to European culture and the hopes of a reconciled world.

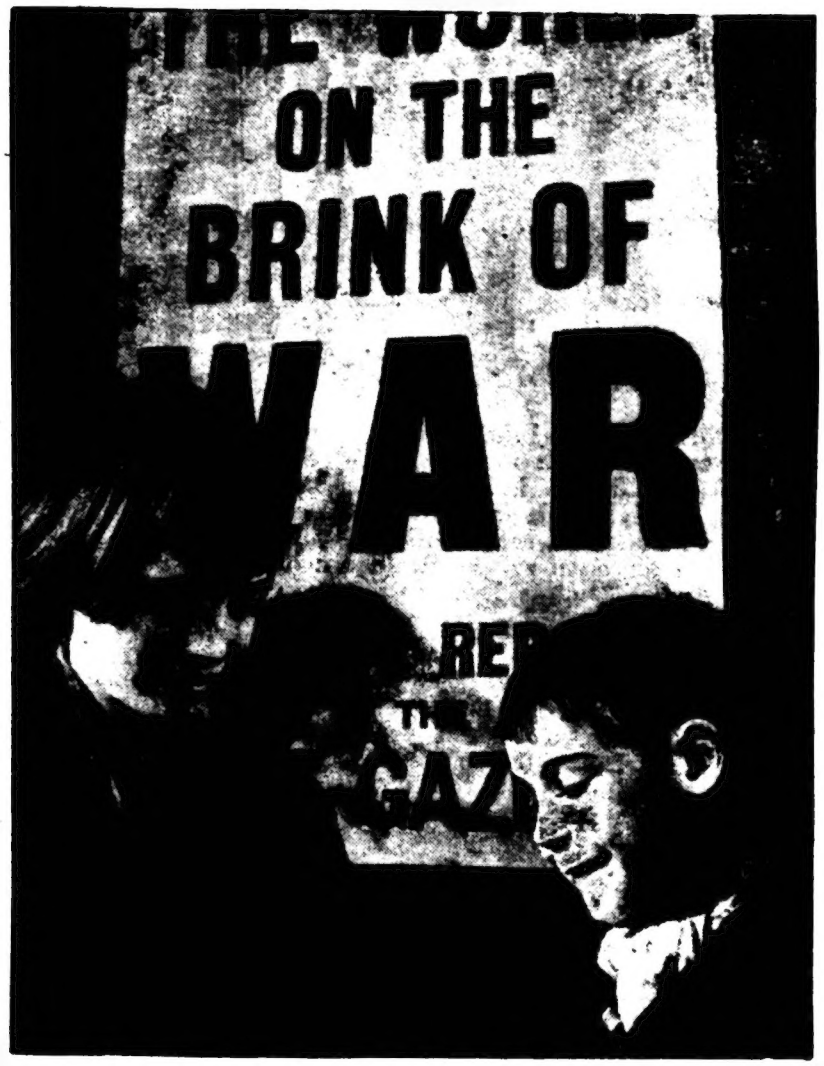
Is that crash to come? The answer cannot be long delayed. The fates hang perilously by a thread—how perilously we know only too well as we watch the sparks flying from the Spanish furnace.

We know, too, how and how alone the peril can be averted.

We look across the Atlantic and see how within the past few weeks the reign of perpetual peace has been finally consolidated on that great continent that stretches from the North Pole nearly to the South.

By an act of supreme statesmanship the gospel message of Christmas has been converted into an accomplished fact over the whole of that vast hemisphere—"Peace on earth; good will to men."

Can Europe, trembling on the brink of the abyss, take heed? God grant that it may, and that a year hence we may look back to this Christmastide as the last we shall spend under the shadow of the sword.



Never let it come to this!

The Story Of The First Christmas

THIS is the story of the First Christmas, as it is told in the Gospels of SS. Matthew, Mark and Luke. "John Bull" prints it because it is the best of all Christmas sermons, because its words are too often forgotten or even unknown in these days when the Bible remains unopened and unread in all too many homes.

THERE was in the days of Herod, King of Judea, a certain priest named Zacharias, of the course of Abia: and his wife was of the daughters of Aaron, and her name was Elizabeth.

And they had no child because that Elizabeth was barren, and they were both now stricken in years. And it came to pass that while he executed the priest's office before God in the order of his course.

And the whole multitude of the people were praying without at the time of the incense. And there appeared unto him an angel of the Lord standing on the right of the altar of incense.

And when Zacharias saw him he was troubled and fear fell upon him. But the angel said unto him, Fear not, Zacharias: for thy prayer is heard; and thy wife Elizabeth shall bear thee a son, and thou shalt call his name John.

For he shall be great in the sight of the Lord, and shall drink neither wine nor strong drink; and he shall be filled with the Holy Ghost, even from his mother's womb.

And many of the children of Israel he shall turn to the Lord.

And Zacharias said unto the angel, Whereby shall I know this, for I am an old man, and my wife well stricken in years.

And the angel answering him said: I am Gabriel, that stand in the presence of God; and am sent to speak unto thee, and to show thee these glad tidings.

And behold, thou shalt be dumb and not able to speak, until the day that these things shall be performed, because thou believest not my words, which shall be fulfilled in their season.

And the people waited for Zacharias, and marvelled that he tarried so long in the temple.

And when he came out, he could not speak unto them; and they perceived that he had seen a vision in the temple; for he beckoned unto them, and remained speechless.

And it came to pass, that, as soon as the days of his ministration were accomplished, he departed to his own house.

And after those days his wife Elizabeth conceived, and hid herself five months.

And in the sixth month the angel Gabriel was sent from God unto a city of Galilee, named Nazareth.

To a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the virgin's name was Mary.

And the angel came in unto her, and said, Hail, thou that art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women.

And when she saw him she was troubled at his saying, and cast in her mind what manner of salutation this should be.

And the angel said unto her, Fear not, Mary; for thou hast found favour with God.

And, behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a son, and shalt call his name Jesus. And he shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest; and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of his father David.

And he shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end.

Then said Mary unto the angel, How shall this be, seeing I know not a man?

And the angel answered and said unto her, The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee; therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God.

And behold, thy cousin Elizabeth, she hath also conceived a son in her old age; and this is the sixth month with her, who was called barren. For with God nothing shall be impossible.

Now Elizabeth's full time came that she should be delivered; and she brought forth a son. And her neighbours and her cousins heard how the Lord had showed great mercy upon her; and they rejoiced with her.

Now the birth of Jesus Christ was on this wise: When as his mother Mary was espoused to Joseph, before they came together, she was found to be with child of the Holy Ghost.

Then Joseph, her husband, being a just man, and not willing to make her a public example, was minded to put her away privily.

But while he thought on these things, behold, the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream, saying, Joseph, thou son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife; for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost.

And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins.

And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed.

And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city.

And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, unto Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem (because he was of the house and lineage of David).

To be taxed with Mary, his espoused wife, being great with child.

And so it was, that, while they were there the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.

And she brought forth her first-born son and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field keeping watch over the flock by night.

ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS

From the fifteenth-century painting by Fiorenzo di Lorenzo

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the City of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And it came to pass as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even into Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.

And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.

But Mary kept all those things, and pondered them in her heart.

And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem,

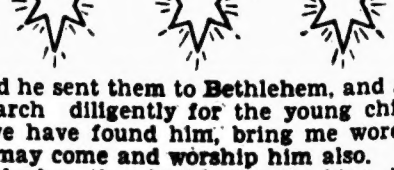
Saying, where is he that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.

When Herod the king heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him.

And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.

And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judea; for thus it is written by the prophet.

Then Herod, when he had heard privily, called the wise men, enquired of them diligently what time the star appeared.



And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.

And when they had heard the king, they departed, and lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.

When they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary, his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him; and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way.

. . . and Bethlehem Today

By H. V. Morton

The grotto of the Church of the Nativity as it is to-day, and (left) the modern touch evidenced in the signpost for motorists

BEFORE I had travelled in the Holy Land I used to imagine that Bethlehem—if, indeed, it still existed—was rather like an English village in the winter-time. It was always night in my imaginary Bethlehem, and there was always snow upon the ground.

One Star bigger than all the others shone in the sky. One barn, thatched like an English farm-building, stood apart in the silence and the snow. In this barn the Mother held her new-born Child while the Wise Men, kneeling on straw, made their offerings of gold, frankincense and myrrh.

That is the traditional picture of the Nativity which most Christians of Western Europe carry in their minds like a Christmas card. It is a picture which originated with the monkish painters of the Middle Ages and the first writers of carols, who, in touching proof of their adoration, competed with one another to cradle the infant Jesus in the byres and farm buildings of their respective countries.

If you visit the art galleries of Europe you will find that the Nativity has been staged in English barns, in big Flemish stables, in German cowsheds, in Dutch outhouses, and in the reed huts which the shepherds of Italy erect on the hills.

One of the most beautiful things about Christmas is the belief among the Christians of the world that Bethlehem was exactly like their own village, and that Jesus Christ was born in a stable like the one belonging to Farmer Brown.

There is, however, a real Bethlehem. If you were in Jerusalem to-day you could hire a taxi-cab and go to Bethlehem, which is only five miles south along a white road.

There are Christians who feel obscurely hurt or outraged by the thought that you can take a taxi-cab to Bethlehem. The reason they are hurt and outraged is because they like to imagine that the history recorded in the Gospels took place not on this solid earth but in a stained-glass country of the mind, a country half way between heaven and earth.

I cannot understand this type of mind. It is, to my way of thinking, immensely encouraging to all who believe in the Gospels to think that you can take a taxi-cab to Bethlehem.

You cannot take a taxi-cab to Ephesus, which was a far more important place in its day, and you cannot go by taxi to Babylon or to Nineveh. Half the mighty cities which were as important as London, Paris and New York to the nations of antiquity are now malarial marshes or bare ruined hill-tops, haunted by the jackal and the snake. But Bethlehem is alive. It has been kept alive by the faith of the Christian world, by generations of Christian men and women who extend in an unbroken line to the first Christmas. It has been kept alive in the face of harshest circumstances.

When the Crusaders were driven out of the Holy Land centuries ago the country was, until the end of the Great War, ruled by the followers of Mahomet; but Christians managed to keep the lamps burning above the birthplace of Christ in Bethlehem through centuries of oppression and cruelty. They have faced massacre, torture and hardship in order to do this.

And the result is that you can go up to any of the Arabs who drive taxi-cabs in Jerusalem and tell him to drive you, not to a ruined hill-top, but to the living town of Bethlehem. At the bottom of the hill, before you run into Bethlehem, you will come to a notice-board, written in English, Arabic and Hebrew, which says:

"Bethlehem Municipal Boundary. Drive Slowly."

Bethlehem is a mountain township that, like its neighbour, Jerusalem, is lifted on the brown hills of Judæa to a height of over 2,500 ft. above sea-level. There are no hills in our own country with which you can compare them.

I have sometimes thought that the hills which lie round South Uist, in the Outer Hebrides, are rather like the Judæan mountains, but the resemblance is only a partial one. The Hebridean hills are well watered and, no matter how bleak they may seem, they never go thirsty. The hills of Bethlehem are never entirely green, even during the rains. After April they dry up and turn brown.

Only the dark green of the olive trees relieves the glaring whiteness of the sun-stricken months that follow one another through the year.

The town of Bethlehem prides itself on two things: that its population—about 7,000 Arabs—are all Christians and that they are descended from the Crusaders. Few people realise the enormous number of Christian Arabs in Palestine. Many of the leaders of the revolt against the Jewish financial invasion of the Holy Land are members of the Latin (Roman Catholic) or Greek Orthodox Churches. But in a country where towns have for centuries had a mixed population of Christians and Moslems, Bethlehem has always been predominantly Christian.

Whether the people of Bethlehem are really the descendants of the Crusaders is a problem for students of racial characteristics, but I must admit that, especially among the women of Bethlehem, one notices beneath Arab head-dresses faces which might have been painted by Rembrandt and Van Dyck.

The Bethlehem women wear a cone-shaped, white head-dress which they claim is a relic of the European fashion popular with the great ladies who centuries ago followed their lords to the Holy Land, when the Crusaders had established a Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem. When you see these women gathered together at a service in the Church of the Nativity, the sight instantly reminds you of a group of mediæval women wearing the dunce's head-dress which princesses wear in fairy-tales.

The Church of the Nativity is the very soul of Bethlehem, and it is one of the most wonderful buildings in the world. It is said to be the oldest Christian church still in use in the world to-day.

It is built over a cave cut in the rock. This cave lies beneath the choir and is approached by two flights of steps to the north and the south, one of sixteen and the other, because of the unevenness of the rock, only of thirteen steps.

At the bottom of these steps a black cave, smelling of incense, is lit by the light of fifty-three hanging lamps. The cave is cut from the soft limestone rock and those portions of the walls and roof that are exposed to view are coal-black with the incense and lamp-black of centuries. At the eastern end of the cave, on the floor which is now cased in white marble, is a star inset in the pavement and surrounded by a Latin inscription:

"Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary."

A few steps away from the Star is a dark little stairway which leads down into the Chapel of the Manger. In this place tradition claims that the Virgin Mother laid the Infant Jesus on the straw, and here the shepherds and Wise Men came to adore the Messiah.

Victor Guerin wrote of "the eternal halo of gladness" which seems to encircle the brow of this little town, and he said: "I should sincerely pity those who, treading for the first time the soil of Bethlehem, failed to experience in the innermost depths of the heart one of those ineffable consolations which make the whole world tremble with joy, because they are not of earth but of heaven."

Thus speaks the Christian pilgrim.

An archæologist, examining the cave beneath the Church of the Nativity, realises that centuries ago this place must have been on ground level. The Nativity did not take place in a dark cavern, but in a rock chamber lit by the light of day.

Curiously enough, close by the church there are several rock caves, still inhabited by modern families, which are to-day more or less exactly as the birthplace of Christ must have been nearly two thousand years ago.

They are two-storey houses scooped out of the soft rock. The family live in the upper room and the asses and other animals occupy the lower room, where a manger is always scooped out of the rock.

The Greek word used by St. Luke in his exquisite description of the Nativity is *katalyma*. It has been translated by the word "inn." It would, perhaps, be more accurate to call it "guest-chamber." It was the custom in the first century for travelling Jews to rest in guest-chambers set apart for them, but on the first Christmas night all such rooms were occupied in Bethlehem. Therefore, the Holy Family, unable to find room in the upper chamber, were obliged to occupy the lower room where the animals were stabled. St. Matthew says:

"And when they were come into the *house*, they saw the young Child with Mary, His mother; and fell down, and worshipped Him."

Thus an examination of the cave below the Church in Bethlehem and a study of the remaining rock houses of Bethlehem suggest that Jesus Christ was born not

(Continued on page 21)

EXCLUSIVE INFORMATIONS DIRECTED BY SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

THREE YEARS' FIGHT FOR JUSTICE

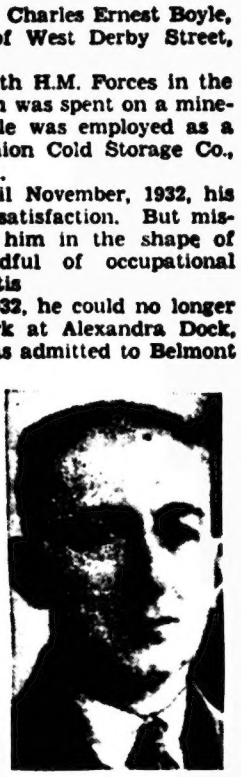
A THREE years' fight for justice under the Workmen's Compensation Act ended recently in the Liverpool County Court, where victory, long delayed, was won by a workman, whose dependents have sometimes gone short of food so that legal costs could be paid.

The man is Mr. Charles Ernest Boyle, age forty-seven, of West Derby Street, Liverpool.

After service with H.M. Forces in the war, part of which was spent on a mine-sweeper, Mr. Boyle was employed as a porter by the Union Cold Storage Co., Ltd., of Liverpool.

From 1919, until November, 1932, his work gave every satisfaction. But misfortune overtook him in the shape of that most dreadful of occupational diseases—dermatitis

In February, 1932, he could no longer carry on his work at Alexandra Dock, Liverpool, and was admitted to Belmont Road Hospital as an in-patient, and was duly certified as suffering from dermatitis.



Mr. Charles Boyle

Eventually his condition improved and he returned to work, but in November the disease again broke out and he again went into hospital and was certified as before.

While still in hospital Mr. Boyle was offered £10 as compensation by his employers (who at the same time denied liability) provided he signed a declaration which would clear them of all responsibility.

Mr. Boyle naturally refused.

A well-known Liverpool skin specialist stated that Boyle's "occupational dermatitis" was caused through lime.

When Boyle attempted to get witnesses to prove that lime was used at the premises where he had worked, several of his workmates refused to come forward.

The compensation case was heard by Judge Proctor at Liverpool County Court in February, 1933, when Boyle claimed that he was suffering from occupational dermatitis caused by the lime dust strewn about the floors.

Mainly on the evidence of an assistant superintendent, that lime dust was never sprinkled on the floor and that barrels did not come into contact with lime, Boyle lost his case.

Twelve months later Boyle sought to reopen his claim with further evidence, but the judge held that the grounds were insufficient.

Men of less determination and courage would now have given up the fight, but this porter with a wife and eight children decided to fight on.

The next step was a prosecution of the company's chief witness at the Assizes for committing perjury in denying the presence of lime in the cold-storage chambers.

This man was acquitted, but admitted that occasionally the chicken-boxes were knocked over and lime dust got into the men's boots, was tramped about the floor, and picked up by barrels.

Once again an appeal was made to the firm in the hope that justice would be done to its late employee, but there was a stern refusal.

Again Mr. Boyle decided to fight on. In October, 1935, he was granted leave by the judge to apply to set aside the award on the ground that it was obtained by improper means.

So the compensation case was again heard at Liverpool County Court and Boyle won a long-delayed victory.

The matter came again before Judge Proctor, who then said: He had not been told this at the original hearing, and added: "I made my award believing that he was telling me the facts when he declared that neither the barrels nor the man came into contact with lime in the fruit-chambers. If I had been satisfied that Boyle came in contact with lime my decision would have been different."

The judge found that the dermatitis arose out of and in the course of Boyle's employment, that he had been totally incapacitated from work since November 7, 1932, and that he was entitled to compensation from that date at the rate of 10s. 1d. a week!

In order to carry on his long-drawn-out fight for justice Doyle had borrowed £85 from friends.

The arrears of compensation money awarded him in court amounted to £81, but even that sum was snatched from him.

The fact was that during a period of adversity, unable to work and denied compensation, Boyle had applied to the Public Assistance Committee for help, which was granted. When the compensation award was made this committee swooped down on him and grabbed the lion's share, leaving Boyle with £15 to pay off all debts!

His health has been ruined for life. Employers refuse to give him work because he has suffered from dermatitis, and at the moment he is trying to support his wife and eight children out of a total income of 27s. a week.

Our sympathy and that of those of our readers who have a regard for justice, fair play and humanity in general will go out to Boyle, the man who fought and won his case, but in doing so has lost almost everything.

Krazi Agency

FROM the attractive-sounding address of Lovers' Walk, Dunstable, comes the latest fee-snatching scheme for postal agents, who are assured that their weekly earnings can amount to £5.

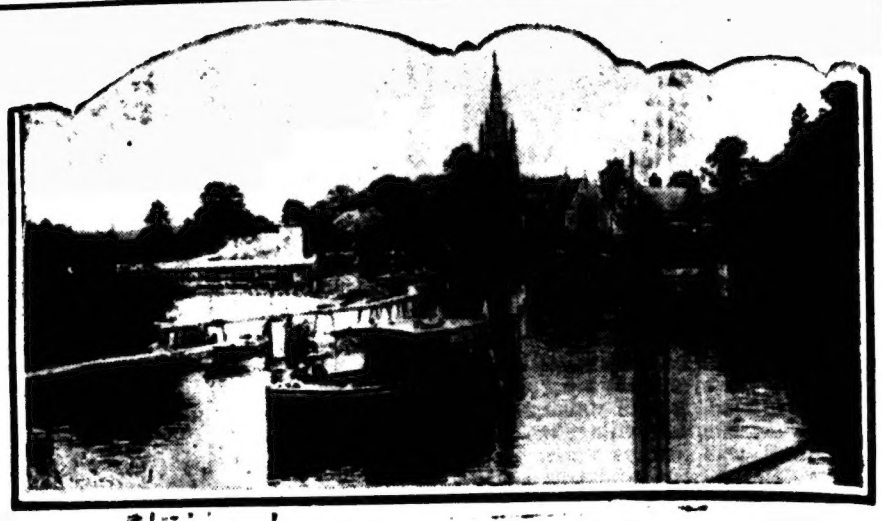
All that seems necessary is to send £1 to Mr. W. H. Pothan, of Krazi Puzzle Libraries, Dunstable, who offers to send complete system of work with a FREE working outfit of tools.

Having paid his money and received his "free" set of tools, the applicant is immediately transformed into a "local manufacturing agent."

"Your wife, even your children, can turn out first-class Krazi Puzzles," says Mr. W. H. Pothan. "Help your dreams to come true and your castle to be built on an enduring foundation by taking up this interesting spare-time work."

A similar agency scheme was organised by the Weava Company, of The Arcade, Northampton. The proprietor of this concern was a Mr. G. H. Pothan, who asked "intelligent persons" to send him £1 for a quantity of scrap leather which they had to weave into fancy leather goods. Possible earnings were mentioned as £4 a week.

With regard to both these schemes we urge our readers to save their money.



The Thames at Marlow—scene of the tragic bathing party

MISSING DOCTOR

Amazing Disclosures

WHERE is Robert Vivian Storer, late of fashionable Cavendish Square, London? A good many people — particularly parents — are anxious to get in touch with him, but he has mysteriously disappeared.

He is an individual whose advertisements in many of the leading daily newspapers have aroused a good deal of discussion.

He advertised under the heading "Hospitals and Clinics," and in the "Personal" columns, but the last seen of him was in a shipping office.

Michael Higham

Among many who regret their dealings with Storer is a South London mother who mourns her fourteen-year-old son, Michael Higham, who was offered a post by the doctor with what he described as an "opportunity for education."

At his flat in Cavendish Square, Dr. Vivian Storer contrived to entertain a considerable number of young lads of tender age before he packed his trunks.

Young Higham, of Anerley, had just won a certificate awarded by the Royal Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Commerce when he answered the advertisement that led him to his death.

Storer took the lad from his widowed mother's hands and made him his constant companion for a week or two, staying at hotels in Brighton and Folkestone, finally including him in a party of four on a motor-boat holiday on the river Thames at Marlow.

He allowed the boys to bathe in twenty feet of water, at a point in the river where the currents are dangerous and swift and the water clogged with weeds. Young Michael Higham was drowned.

"Doctor" Storer went back to his fashionable flat in Cavendish Square and resumed his campaign of advertising for other youngsters. The fact that he had already been in trouble with the General Medical Council on account of his exceedingly questionable behaviour left him unabashed.

He had already been struck from the medical register, and had no right to practise.

Following the drowning fatality at Marlow, Storer was again charged, this time with a serious offence against a youth of sixteen years, but a friend went bail for him.

When the day came for the hearing of the case before the Marylebone magistrate, "Doctor" Robert Vivian Storer absconded, and a warrant has now been issued for his arrest.

Readers will share our disgust that such a man was ever allowed bail. This renegade doctor must be found.

SPARE-TIME SNARE

"CAN'T this catch be shown up in your columns?" writes a Blackpool reader, sending literature received from a concern calling itself "Estella Products," of 14, Castilian Street, Northampton.

"Estella Products" is busy offering "ladies" hand sewing, to be done in the privacy of their homes, on what it calls "good" rates of pay.

It has offered readers in Bristol, Grantham, Liverpool, Newmarket, Norwich, Ulster and the Isle of Man, among other places, pay at the rate of 3s. 6d. a dozen for stitching the hems of handkerchiefs.

This it is pleased to describe as "dignified" employment.

"Actually, all you have to do," runs the circular sent out by Mr. George Cannell, the proprietor, "is to roll and hem around the handkerchiefs, then post them on to us, and when we send you your pay we include the postage you paid to send them to us. You may live anywhere in the British Isles.

"We send you complete instructions and thread. . . . Our examiners are always ready to answer your questions. . . . This is an all-year-round business, it is not seasonable."

While that may persuade the poor to embark on a scheme likely to enable them to earn the "very comfortable income," there is a fly in the ointment.

George Cannell requires his home-workers to send him a deposit of twenty shillings, returnable in two instalments after twenty dozen handkerchiefs have been stitched. As it is open to him to refuse payment on the grounds that the work performed is "not up to standard," the proposition is best left alone.

It is not so long since he was making a similar offer under the style of the British Georgette Products Co., of King Street, Leicester, but vigilant advertising managers then got wise to his publicity campaign.

The only change in the new literature he now sends out is the change of trading title and address.

NEW MONEYLENDING RACKET EXPOSED

HERE is a new and insidious form of moneylending that is becoming a menace in certain provincial towns, where the victims can be numbered in their thousands.

The new system of moneylending springs from clothing and general supply clubs, which have proved so popular, and which, properly conducted, can prove a boon to people of limited means.

There are, unfortunately, some enterprising individuals who have devised methods whereby members of such clubs are made party to moneylending transactions of a deplorable kind.

A bad offender is the Leeds Permanent Clothing and Supply Club, of Portland Crescent, Leeds, which has already aroused judicial criticism in cases where its proprietor, Mr. James Fowler, has figured as the plaintiff.

To illustrate the system, let us say that a member has four clothing checks of £2, £3, £5, and £1. His weekly repayments would amount to eleven shillings—a shilling for each pound.

Owing to sudden and unexpected unemployment, he falls in arrears with his repayments. A representative of the Clothing Club calls and threatens County Court proceedings unless the whole arrears are paid within a week.

The victim, who, we will say, has £8 10s. outstanding, is given a few days to think it over.

But this does not help him, for he cannot find the money.

James Fowler

Again he is called upon by the representative of the club, who now explains that, out of pure kindness of heart, the firm will advance him a loan of the amount outstanding at 48 per cent. interest.

The victim, who feels that he has no way of escape, now signs a contract note for a loan, but receives only a small balance. He has in fact, paid the outstanding balance on his club account, but the transaction has now become a moneylending affair.

In a recent case at Leeds County Court, James Fowler, of the Leeds Permanent Clothing and Supply Club, appeared as plaintiff claiming £13 3s. alleged to have been lent to a club member.

Judge Stewart had some scathing comments to make, saying that he was particularly suspicious when he found a moneylender registered as Mr. . . . also carrying on a clothing club; when clients who were alleged to have borrowed money were people who had had clothing tickets and had not kept up payments.

As the judge pointed out, the debtor on clothing checks finds that, having signed the moneylender's memorandum, he now has to pay not only what was owing on the clothing checks, but 45 per cent. or more interest in addition.

In this case Judge Stewart gave judgment against the moneylender.

This had an immediate effect, for the next case to be heard was that of a widow, also a member of the same clothing club. The amount being claimed against her was £5 6s. 11d.

The moneylender asked for this second case to be withdrawn, but the judge refused to allow this and gave judgment against him.

Unfortunately, the majority of the victims of this moneylending-cum-clothing club business are either afraid or unwilling to face the publicity of the County Court, so they pay and pay!

In another town a wife may have taken more clothing checks than she could really afford, and then comes a day when she is unable to keep up her weekly payments.

A representative of the club may call and threaten to tell the woman's husband; if that fails, he falls back on the threat of the County Court.

The distracted housewife is easy game. She agrees to sign a memorandum for an amount she does not receive, but which is used to clear up the amount outstanding on her clothing club checks.

So another victim is fixed with the moneylender's ball-and-chain of 48 per cent. interest.

In the great factories of the North and the Midlands this insidious form of moneylending is widespread.

Young women workers fall easily into the trap, and often when threats are made they are afraid to tell their parents.

We know an instance, too, where tickets in the Irish Sweepstake have been sold to members of a clothing club and duly entered up on the membership card!

We have said enough to warn our readers against this menace.

There are, as we say, many excellent clothing clubs run on sound lines which are deservedly popular throughout the country, and their reputation suffers by the activities of the clubs which carry on moneylending of the most flagrant type.

The sooner they are stamped out the better.

Mr. Vincent Thomas put forth a strong plea for more human action

Warning!

"BEWARE the bogus charity collector" is a slogan for all householders at Christmas.

The charity crooks, with mushroom organisations which are supposed to supply food, clothing and good cheer to the poor and the unemployed, reckon on a rich harvest for themselves at this time of the year.

Several old stagers are particularly active just now.

Too often the good-hearted housewife or her husband gives money they can ill afford in the hope that it will brighten the Christmas lot of the poor and needy.

They little realise that only a small proportion of the money they subscribe reaches the people for whom it is was intended.

We urge our readers to give only to reputable charities whose good work is well established. Give by all means, but be careful to whom you give.

ROAD VICTIM LEFT TO DIE

THAT a man seriously injured in a road accident should be taken to a police station and then removed to a hut and left throughout the night without medical attention calls for full enquiry.

This has been the fate of Edward Jenner, aged fifty-two, of Rye, Sussex, and the fact that he died from his injuries on the following day makes the case all the more deplorable.

Recently, on a dark, windy and rainy night, Jenner was seen walking along the New Winchelsea Road, Rye. The fact that he may have been drinking does not relieve the local police authorities of responsibility in the matter.

Shortly afterwards a motorist arrived at Rye police station, saying that he had picked up a man in the New Winchelsea Road, and he thought that two of his wheels had passed over him.

A police constable went out and examined Jenner, who was lying in the back of the car, but apparently found no sign of injury.

The policeman and the motorist then took Jenner to his hut on Cadborough Marshes, laid him on a couch and left him.

★ ★ ★

It was not until 1.45 p.m. the next day that a doctor saw the patient, and found him suffering from a fractured femur and other injuries consistent with his having been run over.

Death was due to heart failure from shock as a result of the injuries. He had lain for nearly fifteen hours without attention.

It is obvious that there has been grievous blundering here. Jenner, whether intoxicated or not, was obviously the victim of an accident. The motorist had reported promptly that he thought his wheels had passed over the man, yet no medical aid was called!

To leave this dying man unattended throughout the night and until the following afternoon seems a callous method of dealing with the victim of a road accident.

The circumstances should be officially probed forthwith.

The tragedy of Edward Jenner must not be lightly forgotten.

A WICKED RATES TYRANNY

POVERTY stalks through the streets of many seaside towns during the winter months, and Porthcawl, on the Welsh coast, is no exception. The Christmastide glow of good will and good cheer will be missing from many of the town's poverty-stricken homes this festive season.

The reason is obvious. Recently there has been difficulty in collecting rate arrears at Porthcawl, and the bailiff appointed by the urban council has reported that he had found greater poverty in this pleasant seaside town than in the surrounding mining valleys.

Mr. Vincent Thomas at a recent meeting of the council opposed the forced sale of people's homes. He asked members of the council to visualise the position of people sitting round their fires and not knowing the minute when their homes would be sold up.

"I implore the council," he said, "to stay its hand. For God's sake let us have Christmas over."

We agree; but the passing of Christmas will still leave many anxious hearts in the town.

We can appreciate the difficulties in collecting arrears of rates, but we dislike the idea of a "Warrant Officer" being instructed to "Force a Sale" on household goods for the non-payment of rates.

We know of an instance where this has been done, although the ratepayer was unemployed and offered to pay what he could out of his unemployment pay.

This man owed £9 2s. 6d. for rates, plus 12s. 6d. court fees. The warrant officer called and demanded full payment within five days. The defaulter explained his difficulties and offered 10s. down and 5s. a week while he remained unemployed, with more when he found a job.

The officer acting for the council, who has a thankless task, replied that he could not accept this offer.

A few days later a 94-guinea piano and a sideboard valued at £6 were removed to a garage to await the sale, at which these goods were sold for a sum not enough to clear the arrears of rates and the bailiff's expenses.

That such things should happen at any time is bad enough, but when they happen at Christmas the tragic effect of the council's demand for its "pound of flesh" must bring misery and heartbreak to those who are in financial distress.

Our appeal is for the more sympathetic treatment of the rate defaulters of Porthcawl.

Strangled Charity

WHAT are the Charity Commissioners doing about the legacy that was left the 1,600 inhabitants of the granite village of Constantine, in Cornwall, by generous-hearted Edward Williams?

Nine years have passed since the philanthropist, known locally as "Neddy," left £300 a year for the benefit of the poor, the aged and the needy, to be dispensed jointly by the Vicar and the Methodist minister.

But the Charity Commissioners and the local Public Assistance Committee between them have contrived to undo the good the benefactor would have done.

The amount he left when he died worked out at not far short of 2s. a head each week for every distressed man or woman in the village, and was being distributed chiefly among the middle-aged, until cold-blooded officialdom stepped in with the customary yard of red tape.

It was ruled that the poor already in receipt of public assistance should not benefit by the parish charity. If they did, said officialdom, the amount must be deducted from the relief.

The Vicar appealed to the Charity Commissioners, and the Methodist minister supported him, but the reply was the same. The Charity Commissioners went so far as to forbid gifts of money to be made to anybody under seventy years.

It looks as though the Williams Charity has gone to swell the £90,000,000 fund locked up, while poor folk starve. And if any ghost turns in his grave this Christmas, it surely will be that of great-souled "Neddy" Williams, of Constantine.

We hope, after this article appears, however, the authorities will end the present miserable cheeseparing policy.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

B.B.C. Tangle Unravelled

A New Year Peace Resolution

DEAR SIR STEPHEN TALLENTS,—You seem to have got into a tangle in trying to control something at Portland Place. All the fuss caused by the "Talking Mongoose" has ended, I hope, with you and your staff having decided to make a resolution that you will "speak peace unto one another," and so live up to your motto.

All things considered, there are few of the lords of the ether who have come out of the Commons debate and the report of the committee of investigation with reputations intact.

Sir John Reith has a great following in the country, despite constant carping by the Bloomsbury Brigade, but *you* will show more tact in your job, I know.

The only way to do that is to see that everyone regards the B.B.C. in a friendly light. When there is a dispute among the staff, see there is a proper tribunal to settle it.

When you and Mr. R. S. Lambert, editor of the *Listener*, have that New Year cup of tea and let "bygones be bygones," remember that you are employed by the great British public which likes its servants to carry out their jobs not only with a sense of responsibility, as you, no doubt, do, but also with a strong dash of humour.

You cannot expect the public to forget everything soon, but it is generous to men who admit they they have made a mistake. As the man who can make or mar opinion about the B.B.C., be frank and take the Press into your confidence; you will never regret it.

And next time a similar difficulty crops up, consult Dr. J. J. Mallon, one of the new governors. He knows a lot about the ways of men in trouble, and together you may find solutions to problems in private and so prevent much of the talk that we have heard lately in public.

JOHN BULL.

Mayor Who Must Explain

Restrain The Kidnappers

Get free of red tape, Sir Stephen!

Instead, you should make it your job of social service to see that the local authorities and a paternal National Government attend to their national responsibility of relieving distress. Keep off the idea that the poor should be made to help the poor.

JOHN BULL.

Miss GRACIE FIELDS,
Lancashire, Queen of Laughter

DEAR GRACIE.—Ba gum, yon's a gradely thing Rochdale folk are doin' for thee. Freedom o't town. Well, I go to heck if it isna what tha should a had long sin.

Tha's bin free o't whole bloomin' British Empire for a long time, and next time a sees thee at Blackpool or at Palladium a'll cry, "Well done, Gracie lass." Tha'rt clever and kind, an no Lancashire lass can wish for more to be said about her than that.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. J. BERRY,
Newcastle

DEAR SIR,—Newcastle should be proud of you for the strong stand taken on behalf of erring children who are sent to homes and approved schools.

As one who was orphaned at the age of two and sent to a children's home, you know that there is a great danger of young people being hustled away from their parents for offences that are not really serious.

Your remedy is that school inspectors should not be allowed to tell the Bench that Tommy has been naughty, and that instead a panel of solicitors should be set up and one of their number chosen to examine all the facts before the case reaches the Juvenile Court.

A splendid idea. May it soon be adopted.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. T. H. FESSEY,
Swindon

DEAR SIR.—So you were surprised when, after standing outside the G.W.R. railway works at Swindon, 2,000 men passed and contributed only 10½d. to your collecting box for the Council of Social Service?

Not only were you surprised, but you went on to make a lot of fuss in public about it. Why turn on the railwaymen? Do you know how little they are paid?

Alderman J. J. McHENRY,
Mayor of Ripon

DEAR SIR,—The best traditions of disinterested local government were put in jeopardy by the Council which quashed a minute of the Health Committee which recommended that a local milk producer should be prosecuted.

Fortunately there are some other members of the council who will not see their authority flouted by this dairyman who, it was alleged, had canvassed members of the committee and had secured promises that the recommendation to prosecute would be opposed.

Whatever the facts may be, the milkman won the day, and, in effect, a vote of no confidence was passed on your expert employees.

I notice that certain members of the council put their names to a letter of protest.

You, I feel sure, will agree that this needs an answer, and I shall be interested to hear what it is before explaining how the electors of Ripon should act.

JOHN BULL.

The DIRECTORS,
District Bank, Ltd.

GENTLEMEN,—You have been so obstinate and ungenerous in your dealings with the Bank Officers' Guild that it has had to invoke the aid of the Minister of Labour in an attempt to raise the salaries of your staff.

There is no reasonable excuse for your attitude. Your business has recently improved its status, you are doing well, but still you have courted all this adverse publicity by so fixing the scale that certain men of thirty get only £260 a year.

This is by no means enough for the employees of the seventh bank in the land.

JOHN BULL.

Professor MILLAIS CULPIN,
Psychologist

DEAR PROFESSOR,—Thanks for the few kind words about the typist or office worker who indulges in a little day-dreaming to relieve the monotony of routine work.

What a shock it must be to some employers to realise that you can and do defend those who can be day-dreaming one moment and the next be concentrated in some important job.

Just think it out, Professor, what chaos there would be if all the men in charge of all the vital machines started day-dreaming.

JOHN BULL.

The TOWN COUNCIL,
Surbiton

GENTLEMEN,—For a brand-new borough council you are strangely old-fashioned. The "technically-worded" notices to quit which you served on the occupants of overcrowded houses not only fail to inform them that they can demand alternative accommodation within their means, but led many who were unable to understand the official "language" to move into dearer premises.

These people believed that they would be fined £2 a day if they remained in the old homes after January 1.

For goodness' sake drop the jargon and use plain English.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. ROCHE LYNCH,
Home Office Analyst

DEAR DOCTOR,—You are reported to have evolved a method of establishing parentage by a blood test which is as reliable as the finger-print system of identification.

Since more than five thousand paternity cases are disputed in this country every year, it is of the greatest importance that your system should be given a fair trial free from the silly claims which greet every so-called scientific discovery.

JOHN BULL.

MANX POSTCARD CENSORS,
Guardians of Good Taste

GENTLEMEN,—May I congratulate you on the drastic way in which you decided that of the 2,500 postcards submitted 942 were condemned as unsuitable for showing in the holiday island's shops?

There has been an increasing tendency towards vulgarity in comic postcards, and your action is a much-needed rebuke as well as a punishment of those who cannot be funny without being offensive to good taste.

JOHN BULL.

Father Christmas Serves 'Em Right

By a Very Special Investigator

FATHER CHRISTMAS removed his beard and his red gown. "Phew!" he said. "It's 'ot work, being Father Christmas is, guv'nor."

He sat down beside me on the settle, spat with superb artistry into the inn fire, and then directed his attention to the mug of ale I had ordered for him.

"Yus, yer see, guv'nor," he said a few moments later, "I tries ter please everybody, but it ain't easy. Some knows wot they want and some don't, so to some I gives wot they ask for, and others 'ave to 'ave wot they deserve.

"There's all them stars out at 'Ollywood. They've got so much already they never know wot they want, so I 'ave to fall back on new 'usbands and new wives all round. That keeps 'em quiet for another year any ow.

"Then there's Charlie Chaplin. Every blooming Christmas I give 'im a new bowler 'at, but will 'e wear it? Naow, 'e goes on wearing the same one 'e's worn for the last thirty years. I might as well save me time and trouble.

"Grace Moore's easy. I just give 'er a mail van full o' fan mail. Ole Bernard Shaw I've given a new dictaphone. The one I give 'im last Christmas 'as wore aht already! 'Err 'Itler I give a portrait of 'imself. I give 'im that every year and it makes 'im ever so 'appy. Orl the pick-chers in 'is bedroom are portraits of 'imself. 'E's rare fond of 'imself, that bloke.

"But they aren't all so easy. There's Mr. Neville Chamberlain, fr'instance. 'E always asks for money and 'e 'angs up an ahtsize bolster case at the end of 'is bed on Christmas Eve.

"Well, I did me best for 'im last Christmas, but, would yer believe it, guv'nor, a few weeks later I 'ad a demand note from 'im threatening me wiv a summons, if yer please, if I didn't give 'im some more money quick!"

Father Christmas looked significantly at his empty mug. "Thank yer, guv'nor," he said, as I took the hint. "Nah, as I wos saying, some of my customers are easy and some are difficult. Mr. Duff Cooper, nah, 'e's one of the easy ones. Wot 'e likes best is soldiers, bless 'is little 'eart.

"'E plays wiv 'em by the hour, an' the more 'e 'as the more 'e wants.

"But,"—Father Christmas shook his head disapprovingly—"'e don't treat 'em proper. 'E's real casual, as yer might say, wiv 'is soldiers. 'E don't look after their comforts proper. 'E won't get any more from me. . . ."

"Er—have you," I asked Father Christmas, like those B.B.C. interviewer chaps in "In Town To-night," "ever had any curious or humorous experiences in the course of your work?"

"Ho, yuss," came the answer pat, for all the world as if he had his script in front of him. "You wouldn't believe the trouble I 'ave getting into some 'ouses. There's onetime in particler I call ter mind.

"I'd left me reindeer on the roof an' I wos climbing dahn the chimbley, when orl of a sudden me feet met wiv a hobstruction.

"I pushed and I shoved and I kicked, but I couldn't get dahn that there

chimbley. Next day, wen I wos orf duty, I went and 'ad a look at the plice be daylight.

"It was the British Broadcasting Corporation, and the chimbley I'd tried to get dahn was Sir John Reith's. 'E'd 'ad it specially blocked for fear of mongooses getting dahn it!

"One queer cove I 'ave ter visit is Mussolini. 'E always puts a letter up 'is chimbley a few weeks afore Christmas saying wot 'e wants. One year it wos 'Give me the earth.' The next year 'e asked for the sun. And this year 'e wants the universe.'

"The Poet-Laureate 'as arst me ter give 'im some new rhymes fer a Christmas present, so I've written a few dahn on a bit o' piper. I dunno wot you'll think of 'em being as yer might say an eddicated kind o' bloke. . . ."

Father Christmas fumbled in his sack. "'Ere they are," he said triumphantly. "Wot abaht these—'olly and jolly; January and Can you 'urry; beauty and cutie; Noel and oh 'ell. More beer, 'ear 'ear. . . . oh, thank yer, guv'nor. Yer a gentleman, guv'nor. It's thirsty work being Father Christmas!"

He'd have us believe that the cheery, benevolent face is a mere mask. Perhaps it is, to some . . .

The MAN Who Hates CHRISTMAS

THEY say that I am the man who hates Christmas.

I suppose I am: at any rate Christmas as we celebrate it nowadays. The guzzling Christmas beano. The Christmas which makes us spend money we cannot afford, on things nobody needs; the Christmas clouded by the snob fear that someone has sent us a present or card without getting one in return; the Christmas that gives many of us a holiday without pay.

The Christmas *without* Christ, in fact; but *with* hypocrisy.

Hypocrismas!

No. I am not putting on a surplice and preaching. I am just sitting back and meditating on the realities behind all this bunk that is slushed out for self-interest by the people who make a profit out of the season. Just analysing the so-called Christmas spirit.

And what does it amount to?

To this. Over-eating; over-drinking; over-spending; and a sentimental display of charity which means very little.

Once-a-year charity. Ask yourself how many of those who give a trifle to the poor, or the sick, or the unhappy at Christmas-time do anything more during the rest of the twelvemonth. They treat Christmas like a lot of them treat Sunday. You know, the kind who are Christians (so-called) on Sunday and break every Commandment they dare during the rest of the week. Well, there are even more who enjoy oozing loving-kindness to their fellow-men—at not too great an expense—for just twenty-four hours out of the eight thousand seven hundred and sixty in the year. And think they are thereby absolved from any further claims on their purses and good nature until Christmas comes round again.

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Hypocrismas to them! . . . And to the people who think they have done all that can be asked of them by subscribing to some charity dance or similar festivity, where about sixpence out of every pound raised eventually gets to the fund that needs it. What a good time they have had—and what a good deed done at the same time. So, so easy.

Oh, I know that lots more money is being spent at Yuletide, and that the shops are all gay with decorations and the streets are crowded with shoppers! Putting money into circulation. Good for trade. Yes, but it would be better for trade and the worker if the spending was spread over the year evenly, instead of being concentrated on a short period, in which the labour market gets disorganised and the shop assistant gets overworked.

A nice Christmas she'll have, the one-room girl who has lost her weekly half-day and worked extra hours till she can barely stand, and still must keep a smiling face and persuade you to buy a perfectly useless gift for someone who doesn't want it—and could probably afford to purchase it better than you can.

Such a jolly Christmas in the little room for which she pays more than half her wages—with Christmas dinner (God save the mark!) cooking on the gas-ring in the scullery she shares with half a dozen others.

Such a jolly Christmas, with extra work and no extra pay as a Christmas-box.

To you, my dear, a Happy Christmas—for heaven knows you deserve it!

Perhaps even she, though, will have a better time than some of the workers who made the things she sells. You know, the useless gay gadgets that are bought at this time of the year and never else: oddments that litter the room, break when they are first used, and go to the dustbin unwept; the toys and the inflammable decorations which give us an inevitable batch of Christmas tragedies.

Well, they are made still in too many cases by sweated labour—despite the efforts of trade boards and a number of reputable firms.

By workers in little mean factories in little mean streets, where every responsibility to the employee is avoided: by workers whose slum homes are also their workshops—dingy places of unremitting toil and unrefreshing sleep.

Have you been celebrating this holy time—when we sing of fellowship and good will—by sending tokens of your belief in the Christmas message expressed in gifts made by sweated labour?

What a Happy Christmas you have been making—for the sweater!

There are others, too, I would remind you, for whom the feast will be a fast. The hundreds of thousands on piece-work and the like. Who will have a holiday they can't afford. Without pay. A holiday that will knock their humble budget endways. That will give them less than usual to live on—to say nothing of buying their Christmas cheer.

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Think of them when you pass your plate up for a second helping of turkey with lots of stuffing and a sizzling sausage, and when you fill your glass again. Most of your dinner came from the grocer whose wretched little errand boy has been run off his feet, and then won't probably get a Christmas-box from you—if you can get out of it.

Think, too, of the tens of thousands of workers who got temporary employment for the season and were stood off just before Christmas.

They won't even get their unemployment benefit *until the end of the week after Christmas.* Fine fare they will be having. Won't the wives be busy buying sumptuous and rich things for their Happy Christmas dinner-table? Of course they will have saved enough to survive a fortnight in comfort and luxury until they draw benefit. Of course. . . . And at the end of that time they will draw three days' benefit. *Three days' benefit!*

That is their Christmas-box from a Christian—no, a Hypochristian—State.

Pass up your plate, for one little last helping of the turkey you ought not to have bought! The turkey which represents so much money you won't have in your pocket when the rent-man calls; when the gas-man comes; when the income-tax demand in its ominous buff envelope drops in at your letter-box.

▼●▼

The turkey which may have been fattened up for you by a farm-labourer who works incredibly long hours and strives to keep a wife and family upon the miserable pittance of 30s. or 32s. a week.

There will be no turkey on *his* table. No wine. No crackers. He'll be a lucky man if he has a bit of scrag-end in a stew that is mainly potatoes. A very lucky man!

Well, his Happy Christmas won't give him indigestion. He won't have to go to the doctor or chemist because he ate too much. Which is what is done by most of those who can afford to. Christmas fare is a hideous fetish. And you cannot get away from it. Even the restaurants won't let you have a plain respectable meal. You have got to feast dangerously, winding up with Christmas pudding or mincepies—the most indigestible of all.

It's supposed to make for a Happy Christmas! And doesn't. Christmas Day traditionally is the day when we display our love for our fellows. Boxing Day is very definitely the morning after. When there is more hatred, malice and uncharitableness than at any time during the year.

They say I am the man who hates Christmas.

They are right. I hate hypocrisy. And it's hypocrisy—all this blah about peace on earth and good will on one day in the year—demonstrated mainly by overfeeding—and silence and forgetfulness for the rest.

Put Christ back into Christmas and take hypocrisy out of it, and I will celebrate it as gladly as anyone.

Until then I say—

To all guzzlers, once-a-year philanthropists, over-fed employers, sweaters, Means Test Pharaohs, and the rest, not a Happy Christmas, but Hypocrismas.

★ *Just a Human Story*

"THE LITTLE BIT EXTRA"

THERE will be an ache in the hearts of the instrumentalists of the Featherstone Subscription Silver Band when they enliven Christmas Eve in their Yorkshire colliery town with their joyous carols.

They will be looking at the gap in their ranks. They will be thinking of Joseph Izon, who had played with them every Christmas for more than thirty-five years.

It was as a boy that he came to them, full of keenness to make the band a national prize-winner.

"The sticker," they called him, so painstaking was he in all his work for the band.

He stuck at it so well that he became their treasurer and secretary, the life and soul of all their enterprises.

His colliery told him what a conscientious workman he was. His fellow-bandsmen told him he must have the same hatred of idleness as the devil had of holy water.

"No, I just like to do a little bit extra, that's all," was his reply. . . .

Well, he was doing his usual job down the Hackton Hall Colliery the other day. Fred Mosby, his deputy, set him a task that would just last until the moment he knocked off.

He finished the work in perfect fashion with a few minutes to spare, and then, hating idleness, went a little distance away to do a small job that wasn't expected of him.

There was a fall of coal, a fall that no living being could have foreseen. And Joseph Izon paid for his conscientiousness with his life.

"It was that little bit extra, sir," Fred Mosby told the coroner at the inquest.

"That little bit extra . . . it is grievous," said the coroner.

Yes, they will have sad hearts, those bandsmen-colleagues of his, as they play their Christmas carols. They will miss him terribly after thirty-five years.

And yet he will be with them in spirit. For he arranged every detail of their Christmas programme—as a little bit extra.

Registered Readers

Please Note!

No reader should miss the important announcement which "John Bull" will make next week. Watch for "John Bull" OUT NEXT THURSDAY.

YOU CAN'T COUNT THEM!

Cigarettes shown actual size

You can't count them on the fingers of both hands. You need both hands and two fingers more, because there are 12 (not 10) cigarettes in a 6d packet of Plus Two cigarettes

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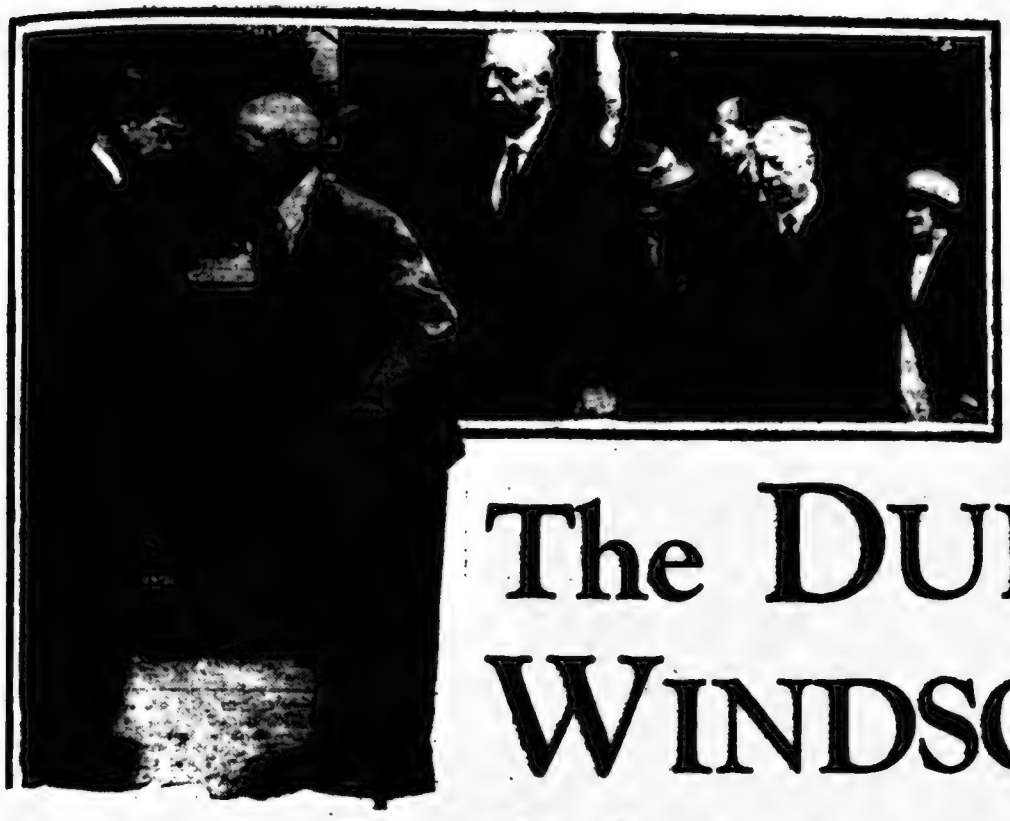

The ex-King, meeting tenants in the Duchy of Cornwall. As Prince of Wales he enjoyed the income from this royal estate (last year £104,000) for nearly 24 years

The DUKE of WINDSOR'S Money

WHAT is it—what *will* it be—worth to be His Royal Highness Prince Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, Duke of Windsor?

What it is worth is largely the Duke's private concern. What it *will* be worth is very much the public's concern—your concern.

Early in the New Year a Select Committee will be appointed to recommend to Parliament what should be granted to the Duke in the Civil List, under which annuities are payable to the Royal Family from the income derived by the State from the Crown Lands.

Right and Fair

Parliament will naturally see to it that the Duke's income is adequate for him to maintain in his style of living the comfort and dignity of a prince of the Royal Family. That is only right and fair, for whatever you may think of the recent events that ended in the Duke's abdication from the Throne, you will agree especially in the great service he rendered as Prince of Wales.

But Parliament, certainly some members of it, will have something to say if the unexpected happens and the grant recommended exceeds expectations.

In that respect it is not impertinent to examine what, so far as is known, it is worth to be Duke of Windsor.

The Duke would be a millionaire twice over could he have saved the fortune he derived from the Duchy of Cornwall, which now represents an income of about £104,000 a year—his perquisite as Prince of Wales which he enjoyed for nearly twenty-four years.

Lived Carefully

The Duchy's revenues are mainly derived from rents and royalties, from which income-tax is collected at source and then deducted from the rents when paid to the Duchy.

Thus the income is a net revenue free of tax, except super-tax which the holder of the Duchy has to pay. So that, at a conservative estimate, the late holder must have received in hard cash some £2,000,000 during his long tenure.

Exactly how much the Duke's private inherited fortune was worth can be only a matter of conjecture, but it must have been very large. Most of it came to him under the will of Queen Alexandra.

During the fifteen-odd years of her widowhood she received a State income of £70,000 a year—over £1,000,000 in all. She lived very simply, very frugally indeed for one of her rank, at Marlborough House and at York Cottage, Sandringham. She gave most liberally to charity, but, even so, she died a rich woman. And a large proportion of that wealth found its way to her "dear grandson David," of whom she was extraordinarily fond, and who, in her own words, "resembled his grandfather in so many ways."

From Queen Victoria, too, some—if not so much. Victoria, of course, accumulated a vast private fortune and left several millions. For forty years a widow, she lived in seclusion during a large part of her long reign—at Balmoral, at Osborne, at Windsor—coming to London for a few days only at a time.

She was more fortunate than any other monarch since her time in having gifts and bequests lavishly bestowed upon her. One old miser left her half a million pounds. Gifts to her from Indian princes were of great value.

Most of her money was spent by Edward VII to pay the heavy debts he incurred as Prince of Wales. But some was secured by trust, and part of it reached the Duke of Windsor and his brothers.

From his father it is unlikely that the Duke received very much.

George V lived carefully, and his money was shrewdly managed by Lord Wigram (then Sir Clive) and by the late Lord Sysonby, who as Sir Frederick Ponsonby was Keeper of the Privy Purse.

But during George V's reign the cost of everything went up enormously. All but four years of his reign were war or post-war years, yet he had only his pre-war income to live on. Again, when the Economy crisis came in 1931 he made a voluntary cut of £50,000 in his State income, which was then £470,000—little more than Edward VII received before him. George V could not have died a rich King.

Never Gambled

When Edward VIII came to the Throne he was granted, while a bachelor, a civil list of £410,000 a year. But he arranged to pay the whole of his own Privy Purse allowance (£70,000) out of the Cornwall revenues. In addition he allowed £25,000 a year from the same source to the Duke of York as Heir Presumptive. So that, in effect, he got nothing during that period from the Duchy of Cornwall.

Certainly the Duke of Windsor's own financial affairs were most shrewdly and profitably managed under the astute eye of Sir Godfrey Thomas, first for many years his Private Secretary as Prince of Wales, and later his Assistant Private Secretary as King.

The Duke's tastes, too, have not been nearly so expensive as some might have latterly believed.

Naturally he saved much by having no wife and family. In the last year or two he spent money on Fort Belvedere, but that was the only one of his residences on which he did spend fairly lavishly, and even so it is a small and comparatively inexpensive place as Royal mansions go.

He never gambled. He hunted inexpensively. He made nothing out of his ranch in Canada, but he could not have lost much.

He never maintained any costly establishment. At York House, St. James's Palace, he lived rent free. Fewer than a dozen servants were needed in this bachelor home, and even that expense was not incurred until some time after the war when he ceased to live with his parents at Buckingham Palace

After he became King he continued for some months to live in his St. James's bachelor quarters rather than move immediately on his accession into Buckingham Palace.

Not Poor

Unlike his father, and King Edward VII before him, he did not maintain costly racing stables, nor was he interested in yachting. Like his father's, his investments suffered no loss by the world-shaking American crash which engulfed so many in this country when the bottom fell out of Wall Street a few years ago.

No, the Duke of Windsor cannot be a poor prince. And that is a fact which, of course, will be taken into consideration by the Select Committee which will recommend to Parliament what annuity he shall receive in the Civil List.

When the Committee's recommendation is made the Chancellor of the Exchequer will ask Parliament to make the grant. Most likely it will be about £23,800 a year—the sum now assigned by Parliament to the King's brother and to his great-uncle, the Duke of Connaught.

It is likely that the King himself will augment this by a private income of £25,000 a year from the Duchy of Cornwall income, which is exactly what the Duke of Windsor did, when he became King, for his brother as Duke of York. In that event the position will be as it was—there will be no additional call on the public purse.

Probably no more satisfactory way could be found for settling the problem of the Duke of Windsor and his money!

DEAR ROAST BEEF Of OLD ENGLAND

Politics And You . .

BEEF has a jolly, substantial sound. It conjures up visions of oxen roasted whole, good cheer and happy fellowship. The roast beef of Old England is widely and justly famed. Lashings of it will be eaten with gusto this Christmas.

Not all of it, however, will be English. Out of 27,000,000 cwt. consumed during 1935 less than half was home-grown. The rest was chilled, frozen or canned and came from overseas.

* * *

In spite of this, cattle-rearing is the largest industry carried on by British farmers. Animals running into many millions and worth £80,000,000 were dealt with last year.

Immense efforts have recently been made to stimulate home production. To protect farmers from outside competition import restrictions have been imposed and grants made to breeders.

Subsidies have been given on sales of steers and heifers amounting to 5s. per cwt. or 9s. 4d. per cwt. deadweight. In the two years ended this last September more than £7,590,000 of public money has been distributed in this way.

The Government now proposes to increase the subsidy to £5,000,000 a year and, what is worse, make it permanent. Farmers, however, are dissatisfied. They say £10,000,000 is necessary. This is fantastic. It is hoped that some of this £5,000,000 will be recovered. A duty of ¾d. a lb. is to be levied on all foreign beef coming in. This is expected to realise several millions a year. Empire beef is to come in free.

Will it benefit the housewife, the British farmer and the Dominions?

The experience of the subsidy, so far, has not been a happy one. The farmer complains that very little of it reaches him. Most of it, he says, has gone into the pockets of the middleman. Nor has the housewife got anything out of it. She has had to buy imported meat herself because it is cheaper. English beef is still beyond the reach of the masses.

The ¾d. a lb. on foreign beef will, of course, go on to prices, be paid by the consumer, and the proceeds used to lessen the £5,000,000 subsidy to home producers. If, however, it makes foreign beef too expensive for the workers to buy, revenue will be less and the burden of the subsidy greater. The poor consumer-taxpayer will get it in the neck either way.

* * *

Every elector wishes well to the farmer. But not at their expense. A permanent subsidy of £5,000,000 a year, to one section alone, is an iniquitous thing that cannot be tolerated indefinitely.

Beef is an important item in the nation's food supply. It must stand on its own feet and be planned along large-scale and economical lines in keeping with modern ideas. See that your M.P. realises this.

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MAKE MORE MONEY. Sell Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 Bargains. Oldest, Largest, Cheapest & Best Wholesale firm. Write now for catalogue and guide.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

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A SPENCER Maternity Belt is individually designed for the wearer to relieve back strain, headache and nausea. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Spencer Corsets, Ltd., 44, Britannia Rd., Banbury, Oxon, for Maternity Booklet. See p. 24.

FREE to indigestion sufferers: Every stomach sufferer is invited to test "Renipas" absolutely free of charge. Just send your name and address, attach coupon on p. 29 to your letter, enclose two stamps for postage, and address International Chemical Research Association, Ltd. (Lab. 7), 69, Fleet Street, London, E.C., and a free trial supply will be sent by return. End your digestive troubles now. It will cost you nothing to get relief—free. If you write to the address given. If you like, you can mention *John Bull* when writing.

YOU can obtain a novel tablet container into which you can put your Phyllosan tablets if you write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Natural Chemicals Ltd., 12, Clipstone Street, London, W.1, and enclose a 1½d. stamp.

AN informative book has just been published by Messrs. George Eade, Ltd., of 222, Goswell Road, London, E.C.1, which is in actual fact a valuable treatise on health. It is called "Eade's Book of Health," and is brimful of interesting information written by an eminent London physician. Readers are invited to get a copy free on application to the above address.

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SUFFERERS from Rheumatism can get a free sample of Urace Brand Tablets if they write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner Street, London, E.C.1.

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WOMEN! Don't forget to get him a tin of Bondman Tobacco. It is always delightfully cool and fresh, obtainable in the new easy-to-open vacuum tins. Bondman rich ruddy Virginia is 11½d. per oz., or Empire Blend is 10d. per oz.

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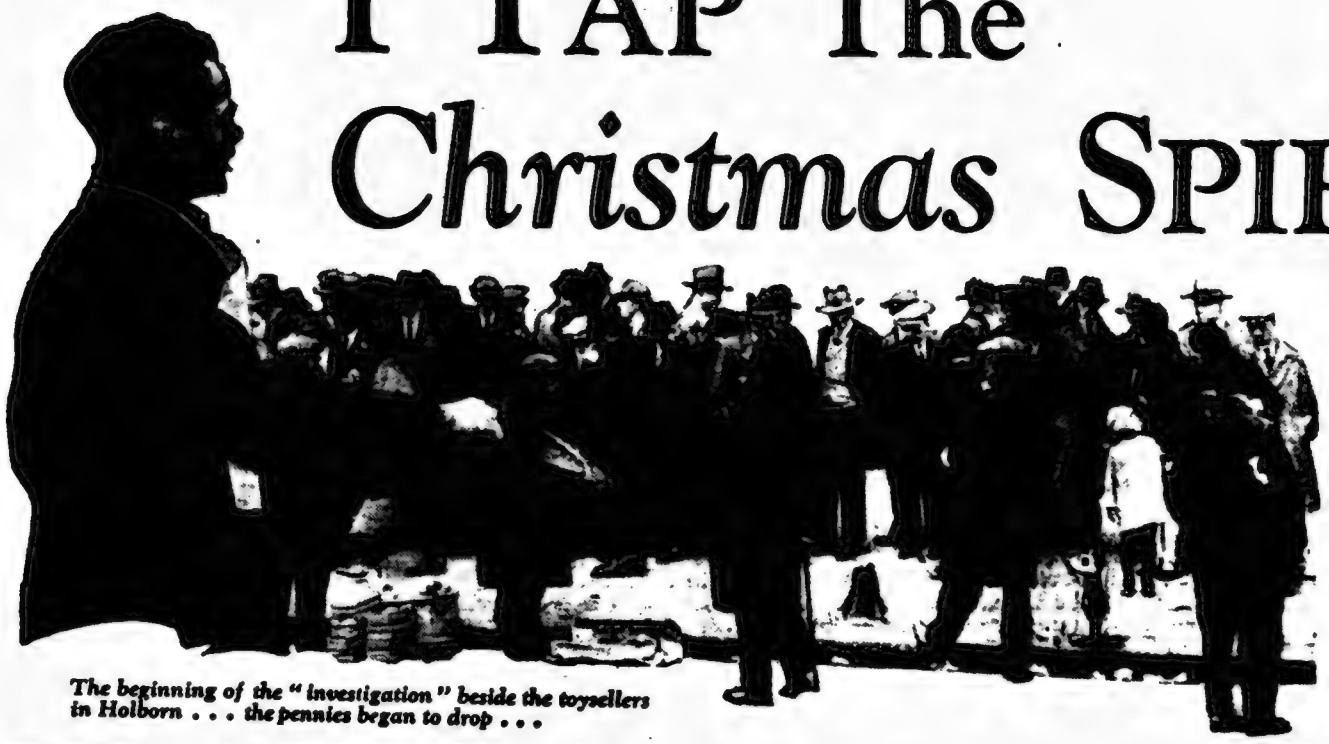
NO Christmas festivity should be without Whiteway's—the name everyone knows. Their British Wines are pure and healthful, and you must try their mystifying new cocktail, only 3/6 per bottle! Whiteway's Port style Wines (Ruby or White) are, in relation to Port, simply "a rose by another name." They may not be called Port, because by an ancient treaty only Wine from a certain area in Portugal bears that name. Whiteway's Port style Wines are made in England. Then there is also Whiteway's British Sherry, and the reasonable price at which it is sold brings it within the reach of all.

I TAP The Christmas SPIRIT



The beginning of the "investigation" beside the toysellers in Holborn . . . the pennies began to drop . . .

By A "John Bull" Investigator

I HAVE been an impostor and I am not repentant. For my fraud has shown me the Christmas Spirit more clearly than Scrooge glimpsed it in his visions.

One morning last week I left home dressed in a frayed raincoat, a pair of dirty and threadbare flannels, well-worn shoes, a battered trilby, a muffler. Tucked under my arm was a piece of cardboard, wrapped in brown paper lest any early-rising neighbour should see it.

The street clocks pointed to 8.35 as I slunk along Holborn. I was horribly nervous. There was just a block of ice where my stomach used to be. Twice I walked past the toy-sellers already lined up on the kerb outside a big store and the adjacent insurance offices, then stepped into the gutter, and, unwrapping the board, hung it round my neck.

In crude black letters it appealed to the charity of Londoners: "Help to buy a toy for the kids."

By implication, at least, it lied. I have no children—worse luck. The only sop to my self-respect was the fact that it lied in a good cause.

I started to sing carols. People surged by unheedingly. A bit disheartening, though common-sense told me it was too soon after breakfast for human kindness to be revealed at its best.

Twenty-four minutes elapsed before the first coin dropped in my outstretched hat.

The benefactor was a little elderly man, cheaply dressed, bespectacled and solemn. I put him down as a clerk. He looked me up and down, produced a buttoned purse, fumbled, extracted two halfpennies.

My thanks were so fervent that they surprised him. "That's all right," he muttered in the tone of one who dislikes gratitude.

TEN more minutes, and a penny joined the ha'pence. I put the hat at my feet and tried to rub my hands into semblance of warmth, at which my neighbour, a scrubby gentleman selling clockwork dogs which staggered about the pavement in the most drunken fashion, left off his sales patter to give me some advice.

"'Aven't had much luck, so far, 'ave you, mate? Try singing slower—mournful like. Get me?"

I got him. But I fear he must have regretted the results. My voice is a bass-baritone of limited range, and after doing some odd things to high notes I'd decided to restrict my repertoire to "Good King Wenceslas" and "God rest you merry, gentlemen." Good carols both, but no doubt a trifle wearisome after the twentieth rendering in funereal tempo.

It was a quarter to eleven when my luck changed. A different sort of crowd now thronged the pavements: hurrying typists and clerks had given way to leisurely suburban shoppers. A very stout, jolly woman stopped to ask the ages of my children. For a moment the yarn I'd invented stuck in my throat.

"The boy's four and the baby's two and a half," I said at last.

SHE walked on, returning presently with a gay rabbit in her hand. "That's for the baby," she smiled, leaving me open-mouthed but speechless.

Still, as I stuffed it into my pocket I blessed her in the better sense of the word. She was so stout that candid folk would have called her fat, but her heart was obviously of the same generous proportions.

Barely twenty minutes went by—during which three separate pennies rewarded me—before a well-dressed couple of middle age repeated her question, asked, too, how long I had been unemployed, and finally gave me sixpence. Two more pennies; threepence from an elderly lady; tuppence from a spruce young man.

Next to respond to my appeal was a little girl of ten or eleven. She tugged at her mother's arm, whispered something, and soon presented me with one of the drunken dogs hawked by my neighbour. I'm glad to think that this time my thanks were properly expressed.

The trouble was that my throat felt dry enough to crack, my legs were numbed and my feet painful with the cold.

For a while I tried other places between Holborn Circus and Chancery Lane, then came back to my old pitch, where my takings rapidly increased.

Suddenly came the first shock. A policeman sauntered past, and, without halting, said not unkindly, "You've been here a good time, you know. Better move on."

I moved on. I moved lunchwards, and over a glass of something comforting and bread and cheese I counted my hoard. Three shillings and ninepence; two toys. A good start, I reckoned.

How should I fare in the wealthy West End? To satisfy my curiosity, I spent the next ninety minutes in the district between Portland Place and Marylebone High Street.

At first I thought that street singers might be prohibited in the august neighbourhood of Harley Street, but the sight and sound of a trombonist reassured me.

Then, in Weymouth Street, a military-looking man asked why I didn't get the "dole." Pretending I had exhausted it, I told him something of the Means Test meannesses. He retorted that they were essential because so many young men like myself were work-shy, but in the end he gave me a penny in a very friendly manner. Total: 4d. for an hour and a half.

The Christmas spirit, it seemed, was more likely to be found in less opulent surroundings. So off I went to Kentish Town Road, that typical North London shopping centre for what used to be called the working classes. And there I stayed until a quarter to eight at night.

For helping a coster whose barrow was upset in a difference of opinion with a lorry I was rewarded with an orange, which I devoured to placate my sore throat. A shopkeeper asked me to move away. Welcome pennies tumbled now and again into the hat.

WHEN at last, tired and cold, I hid my begging-board beneath my jacket and started homewards, I was the richer by 6s. 6½d., and two toys.

I had obtained them by imposture, it was true, but "the kids" benefited after all. For both money and toys went to the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, London, and were duly acknowledged.

Because of this, I will not apologise to my victims. I will only thank them for the proof that what Scrooge was impelled to do by fear they (and many more like them) are doing for kindness' sake—to spread the Christmas spirit among others less fortunate.

In Barrack And Battleship . .

YOUNG men nowadays may not be too well pleased with the idea of life in the Army, Navy or Royal Air Force, but Christmas Day in barracks, with the Fleet, or in camp is one day at least in the year when the "Service" is well worth while.

Luckiest of all are those able to spend Christmas with the old folks, of course; but a quarter of a million soldiers, sailors and airmen are still on duty.

Some of us can well take a leaf from the book of Tommy Atkins and Jack Tar—the airman is so far without a romantic nom-de-plume—when it comes to sharing the good things of the world with a messmate or a chum.

* * *

When the *Nelson*, 33,000-ton flagship of Admiral Sir Roger Backhouse, of the Home Fleet, comes into the Solent to anchor from the grey wastes of the Atlantic, fifteen hundred officers and men will make ready for Christmas.

Seven hundred of them will sit down to dinner on board, each with a menu card that would do credit to the best hotel.

Breakfast: Quaker oats, gammon rasher and eggs, rolls and marmalade.

Dinner (what a spread!): Tomato soup, roast turkey, boiled ham, sausage stuffing, baked potatoes, brussels sprouts, Christmas pudding, brandy sauce, apples, tangerines, dates, oranges, chocolates, assorted nuts, muscatels and almonds.

Bread and butter, jam and Christmas cake for tea; then a concert for'ard, with cold roast leg of pork, chutney, mince-pies, biscuits, cheese and coffee for supper. Seaman Matlock with his mandoline, Leading Stoker Higgins, a tap-dancing turn.

The Navy is never at a loss, and one story surrounds a cruiser on foreign service at anchor off a small island port, but with nothing in store to create a "Christmas feeling."

"Open gangway" was the order of the day. There was nothing else to do, but after a "whip round" one seaman set out with a sack over his shoulder in search of "good cheer."

Stopped by an officer, he produced the proceeds of the "whip round." "That's not enough," said the officer, and he handed the seaman a pound note.

The Army's big garrison towns, like Tidworth and Aldershot, at home are practically deserted over Christmas, but in London the 1st Battalion of the Grenadier Guards, stationed in Wellington Barracks, sits down to a dinner fit for an earl.

The days when the Guards sat down to holes in the table filled with stew are long since past and forgotten. Clean tablecloths, flowers in vases on the tables.

Up in Glasgow—another story. The staff of the depot of the Highland Light Infantry forgoes Christmas Day, as ever, to entertain the recruits on a grand scale on New Year's Eve.

But trust a Scot to make the best of both occasions. The kilted regiments stationed alongside ordinary units can be relied upon to join in the fun provided by the Royal Field Artillery and the Royal Air Force.

On the North-West Frontier of India, Tommy Atkins often makes do with wild boar in place of turkey and roast beef, and in hot stations he uses cotton wool and blankets for "decorations."

Jam for the young airmen in training at Uxbridge, in Middlesex, for of the 2,500 in barracks there most of them are on leave for Christmas, though 350 of them will parade for church, then for a spread, a free cinema show in the evening, minerals, beer, tobacco and cigarettes.

* * *

At Halton camp, in Buckinghamshire, the mechanics, riggers and craftsmen sit down to tomato soup, filleted lemon sole, roast turkey and braised ham, baked potatoes and Christmas pudding with brandy sauce. The sergeant-pilots wait on their juniors on Christmas Day.

Curiously enough, the airmen take their lead from the cavalry—many officers from which were among the first to fly.

It is the custom in the 3rd Carabiniers, now stationed at Sialkote, in the Punjab, for the *officers* to wait on the men on that one day when discipline is relaxed.

A great day for the regiment, and no less great for the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, stationed at Colchester. The "Skins" had a squadron-leader whose wife supervised the cooking in person.

The secret is out!

And Now . . LET'S CLEAN UP

SELDOM, even on the wireless, that miracle which brings world dramas right into our sitting-rooms, have we heard such a speech as that in which the Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of All England, rebuked the social circle which surrounded Edward VIII.

Were any of them listening-in, I wonder?

A few days before they thought themselves the masters of the country. They had become insolent in their pride. They basked in the sunshine of Royal favour. And so they thought the world was theirs.

Then, when the King's downfall came. . . .

Shakespeare, describing the abdication of Richard II, made him stand in Westminster Hall and turn on his former friends. These are the poet's words, put into the mouth of the fallen Richard:

"Did they not cry aloud all hail to me?
So Judas did to Christ,
But He, in twelve, found truth in all but one—
I, in ten thousand, none!"

There were loyal friends, of course, who stuck by Edward VIII. From most of those he turned away. Their advice was unwelcome to a man who wanted his own way. He buried himself at Fort Belvedere, almost alone. He was sick of them.

Then the Primate uttered his protest. A few days before, the Church of England, of which he is spiritual head, was in danger. Although a Church which frowns upon divorce, it had as temporal head the King, who wanted to marry a woman with two former husbands still living. Had he married her, Establishment must have fallen in ruins, instead of being remodelled as it will now be with the march of time.

The Primate was even worried as to whether he could crown the King, for the Coronation includes a Communion Service to which only penitent people are welcome.

248 Years After

There must have been many grievous hours in the Archbishop's life, hours of worry, doubt and perplexity.

And, in those hours, he saw a King whom he had loved since boyhood surrounded by a vicious set, including some who denied all the Archbishop taught, some who mocked everything in which he believed.

He spoke of how it was exactly 248 years ago to a day that James II, the last King who abdicated, fled from Whitehall. On that same date, December 11, he said, "King Edward VIII, after speaking his last words to his people, left Windsor Castle, the centre of all the splendid traditions of his ancestors and his throne, and went out an exile. In the darkness he left these shores. . . .

"From God he had received a high and sacred trust . . . He has surrendered the trust, . . ." because of "a craving for private happiness."

Then the Primate added, "*How strange and sad it was that the King should have sought his happiness in a manner inconsistent with the Christian principles of marriage, and within a social circle whose standards and ways of life are alien to all the best instincts and traditions of his people. Let those who belong to this circle know that today they stand rebuked by the judgment of the nation which had loved King Edward.*"

The Primate had shrunk from saying this, but "for the sake of sincerity and truth," he felt compelled.

"The pity of it!" he said. "Oh, the pity of it!"

Now, when Edward VII died, Max Beerbohm drew a cartoon of a group of rich men, to some of whom the dead King owed money, tip-toeing into the Buckingham Palace of King George and Queen Mary asking "Are we as welcome as ever?" under their breaths.

Swift Changes

They were not. It was the end of an epoch. Edward VII, for the indulgence of his pleasures, had borrowed large sums and made the lenders welcome at what was a German Court.

George V, "The Sailor King," changed all that in a moment. The Court became English. And he welcomed to it the old families, who represented the tradition of his land, the sailors and soldiers and the statesmen.

When Edward VIII followed him, a new democracy was being born. In the country, class differences were disappearing. Youths were rising from the working class to occupy proud positions. The New Poor were seeking their livelihood—running shops, becoming journalists, joining City firms, going on the stage.

The new King, himself part of the changing order, frowned on the old families, which bored him. Almost his first words as King were, "I hope we shall see some new faces at Ascot, now." He did not mean, however, the new democracy. He meant the idlers whom he had made his friends.

Indeed, one vulgar woman said to a cloakroom attendant the other day, "I hope the King will be allowed to marry Mrs. Simpson." Then *I* can get into the Royal Enclosure."

Now, as Prince of Wales, Edward VIII had allowed himself to become entangled with the cocktail set. His social circle included film stars, the more brainless kind of stage players, pleasure-seeking people from the gayer sets of America. Few of them had a serious idea in their heads. And, when he became King, apparently he could not shake off all of them. Some went. But others took their place.

Now his "social circle" encouraged, among their imitators, a general laxity of manners which soon spread right across the West End. Some of these hangers-on became arrogant in their behaviour. They ran up, at restaurants and in clubs, bills which they never paid.

"Send in the bill" meant, the maitre d'hotel knew, an eternal indebtedness. Yet hotel-keepers could not offend these "important" ones.

And these same people made mock of everything that stood for a sane and a sober Britain. When, in the earliest days of the King's reign, he did not go to church, to the horror of religious people of all creeds and sects, this gang made a joke of it. So far from checking the King, they encouraged him. They egged him on to defy the Cabinet and the Commons which stood behind it. The more power he got, they argued, the more power was theirs.

When I was in Edinburgh, a few weeks back, I heard grim-looking Scotsmen say, "And all he's done at Balmoral is to teach pipers how to play jazz!" No wonder Scotland frowned. Bagpipes to them were part of their tradition. But the King's set had encouraged a degrading of everything that belonged to the institutions of the land.

Had there been from the King one sign of disapproval, much that became a West End scandal could never have happened. His social circle, however, encouraged all the pleasure-loving side of him, and repressed what was really decent—his love of the men he had met in the trenches, his sincere desire, shown every now and then, to help the mass of people. But for them he would have made a splendid King.

Just A Gang

Now that the Primate has rebuked these people, what are we going to do about it? Are we, the people of Britain, you and I, and all the people who work and toil and do our little best, going to put an end to all this adulation and grovelling that brought the King down?

So far as George VI is concerned, we need not worry about his Court. It became respectable in an hour. Indeed, as the Primate said of the Coronation Service, when the new King ascended, "It is an immense satisfaction to realise that I can address to His Majesty these noble words with a full sense of their reality, and that they will find a response in the King's heart."

Although the new King can only influence by example the condition of the West End, it can be altered by a protest every time prominence is given to people who, after all, do not matter except for the evil that they do.

Now on the stage, perversion, so far from being a drawback, is, in some quarters, almost an asset to a young player who wants to succeed. On the music-halls the effeminate

BY HANNEN SWAFFER

SOCIETY!

The Archbishop of Canterbury's rebuke was not aimed at a mere handful of people. It was a rebuke to a vicious class which has been growing up in the last few years

gestures of people of this type are made fun of in such a way that, more and more, we become tolerant towards vices that are a public danger. All this is part of the depravity that brought down Rome.

A censorship that still objects to a frank and honest discussion of some sex problem passes, frequently, filth that is written merely for sale. It bans sincerity. It encourages a leer.

More and more books are being written that describe viciousness merely to get a market. And they are encouraged—by critics as well as by publishers.

The worst kinds of music are boosted. The best are ignored.

Indeed, the country, more and more, is taking its cue from the brainless people of the Smart Set.

Mockery and ridicule of serious and sensible conversation or actions are general. If you mention unemployment, or Jarrow, someone says, "Good God, you've gone all religious!"

Divorce, which is a weakening of the social structure, something that should be resorted to only in extreme cases, is treated as a joke. It is, at best, a tragedy, something to be sorry about, however necessary it may be.

Marriage, which used to be considered a sacred service, now causes some such remark, from guests, as "I give 'em six months together."

Now I am no prude, I am not a "religious" man. But I know that right is right, and wrong is wrong, even if I cannot live up to what I know to be the right thing to do.

The tea-party has disappeared. It's a cocktail party now, or nothing. If, in the Smart Set, you ask anybody to have some tea he or she will laugh at you.

False Britain

You cannot have a decent world if you hold up, as we do to-day, film stars as mirrors of perfection. Actresses no longer imitate duchesses. Duchesses ape actresses.

And there has grown up a new gang of publicity men and publicity women who direct, and stage, things as a stunt. People used to take part in charity because it is a kindly thing to do. Now they are urged to do it so that they can get their names in the papers. Artists do the work. "Patronesses" get the credit.

All this, mind you, does not belong to the real Britain. Stanley Baldwin belongs to that. So does Will Thorne, and Herbert Morrison. So does Lord Sankey, and Lord Hailsham, who was Lord Chancellor after him. So do John Simon and Arthur Ponsonby. So does Lord Snell, the chairman of the L.C.C. So do teachers and doctors, architects, and the people who work in shops and do the labour of the world.

Art should be encouraged by people who love it, not people who pretend to be art patrons merely for publicity reasons. People should go to the opera because they love music, not so that their names shall appear in the gossip columns.

It has all got wrong. We have been encouraged to think that Britain is that part of London between the Strand and Park Lane, not the quiet old houses, I mean, and the shops and the places of business, but the gambling hells which are growing up again, and the night clubs which are boring beyond degree, and the cocktail parties that go on everywhere.

Mocking Decency

You would not believe it, but it has become the smart thing to-day, not only to "gate crash" into a party to which you have not been invited, a party given by someone you do not know, but to ask, with a yawn, "Who's throwing this do?" and then to find fault with the entertainment and the food!

A bricklayer wouldn't dream of doing such a thing. A navvy has much better manners.

And, have you been into one of those West End cabarets? We used to consider the old music-hall a bit crude, some of us. But at least it was human and normal. Besides, it had sympathy.

But in cabarets to-day—and some of them should be closed to-morrow—effeminate men and masculine women sit and drink, while artists, most of them imported from the "joints" of Broadway, sing songs that, if they were heard in some working-men's clubs, would shock everybody in the room.

Now, some of Edward VIII's social circle were perpetual and constant visitors to this sort of cabaret. They set a fashion for them. Mocking at all decency became a vogue. In this kind of world, the word "virgin" is a term of contempt!

I hope there will come to an end, now, the boosting of a restaurant as "smart." This is done by secret commissions and free food and drink.

Someone opened a restaurant. To get Edward VIII's social circle there was the height of his ambition. For this, anything would be paid. A few paragraphs in a gossip column—and gossip writers fall for this sort of stuff as easily as if they were small children—and the new restaurant was made. Along would go the "smart" gang. But many of them would not pay a penny.

"Send the bill along," they said. Then they tore the bill up.

The same thing happens about beauty parlours and hairdressers and dress shops. Many thousands of pounds are owed by the so-called "smart" people who, were they working folk, would have been sent to Brixton years ago for not obeying a judgment summons to pay the bill.

Shopkeepers supplying the world of "fashion" did not, and do not, dare to force payment from their customers. The honest ones, of course, paid automatically. But the others take advantage of the tradesman's fears—fear of the lies that would be told about him, fear of a ban.

Many a waiter has, for months, lived in dread of incurring the displeasure of any member of this gang. One word of complaint, and he was fired.

A new kind of privilege had grown up—the privilege to be rude and insulting.

Then there is the scandalous behaviour at first nights, the new pretence that a few silly so-called "Society" people who go, either to a new play or a new film, are more important than the entertainment. They are always the same gang. Time after time, night after night, the foyer is jammed with stupid nobodies standing about, hoping that the photographers who snapped with flashlights the same gang a few nights before will photograph them all over again.

Many people do not go to the theatre to enjoy the show but to be seen.

That is why the first night of Barrie's new play, "The Boy David," lacked the interest and excitement of the first night in Edinburgh. In Scotland, an earnest crowd of playgoers attended—Barrieites, people interested in the Bible story, the doctors and educators of Edinburgh. But, in London, a first night of this kind attracts scores of people who, frankly, are not interested in the play at all.

Rebuild

I thought Godfrey Tearle's acting in the best Shakespearean manner.

"Why does he act like that?" people asked me.

They wanted something jumpy, apparently, and more like Noel Coward.

The beauty of Barrie's lines was lost. They wanted a guy to come on and sing something risky to a jazz tune.

You should have seen the hard faces in the stalls. At the end, perhaps only one in four applauded. In Edinburgh, Bergner had to make a speech.

For months now I have been telling the country that it was back to the days of the Regency, whether it knew it or not. Few seemed to believe me. After all, most of them live in homes where "scandal" is not heard, and where decent lives are led.

The social fabric was threatened—and grievously. There are faults in it. I am always pointing them out, for I believe in a better kind of world. But had that social fabric been weakened much more, calamitous things, would have happened.

Well, let us start to build now, not destroy. A new order can now reign.

TWO AIRMEN WHO THRILLED

Louis Paulhan, the Frenchman, acclaimed by the excited crowd after his win over Claude Grahame-White (right), seen seated in the strange machine with which he made history

LONDON to Cape Town in three days. . . . England to Australia in a week. . . . Less than twenty hours by giant flying boat from Southampton to New York, and certain prospects of regular Atlantic passenger air services in the near future!

When I read of these wonders of the air, which to-day everybody takes for granted, my mind goes back to the time, not so many years ago, when to see an aeroplane in the air was like watching a miracle.

To those lucky enough to witness the phenomenon, their novel experience formed the subject of conversation for days. If a machine came down, people would trek for miles to see it.

No wonder, then, that I recollect with some pride the fact that as a newspaper reporter it was my good fortune to follow the first aeroplane race in this country—the historic, thrilling struggle for mastery between Claude Grahame-White, representing England, and Louis Paulhan, of France.

A fortune of £10,000 was at stake—the prize offered by the late Lord Northcliffe for a flight between London and Manchester.

When that prize was announced by the *Daily Mail* the whole idea was ridiculed. By air from London to Manchester? . . . It was absurd. One London evening newspaper published its counter offer of £1,000,000 for a flight from the Earth to the Moon!

Hardly a person, outside the few who knew what was going on behind the scenes in the elementary developments of heavier-than-air flying machines, imagined for a moment that the prize could ever be won.

Only twenty-six years ago! Only twenty-six years before Jim Mollison is crossing the Atlantic in thirteen hours seven minutes; Jean Batten is flying to Australia in less than six days; and England is establishing a new world's altitude record of 49,967 feet.

In that London-Manchester flight, Louis Paulhan was guided practically the whole distance by a special train on the London and North Western Railway. He could only find his way by keeping close to the railway. He would have been lost without his train.

That train had to be slowed down frequently—otherwise it would have outspeeded Paulhan and his aeroplane.

Seven people travelled on the "special" that escorted Paulhan, and to the best of my belief I am the only man of the party left alive to tell the story.

For me the excitement of the race began one early morning of late April, 1910, when I had to climb a gasometer.

Grahame-White was, at that stage, the only competitor for the £10,000. He had his Farman biplane at Park Royal, outside the London area.

It was a condition that the flight to be successful should be from a point within a five-mile radius of Fleet Street to within five miles of Manchester Town Hall.

The mammoth gasometer at Kensal Green, W.—adjoining the Great Western main line—was chosen as the mark around which Grahame-White had to circle at the commencement of his attempt.

So to the gasworks I was sent that morning. Commander Perrin, the secretary of the Royal Aero Club, was there also as official observer of the start.

We climbed the gasometer, and, believe me, climbing a gasometer is not exactly child's play, for the top surface billows and buckles in a most uncomfortable manner when you walk on it. Gasometer top walking is not to be recommended at five o'clock in the morning!

Anyway, our gasometer vigil was not prolonged. Within a few minutes we saw Grahame-White's aeroplane coming towards us out of the thinning mist. A wonderful spectacle for those days.

The machine was, of course, primitive and cumbersome—a Henry Farman "pusher" biplane, with the engine to the rear, and the elevating plane reaching out in front like a long, flimsy neck.

Just forward of the two main planes the pilot sat in a shallow basket-kind of seat. He had nothing at his feet, except two struts and the rudder-bar. He could look right down between his feet to the ground below. There was no instrument board for him to watch. The engine control was through flexible wires attached to the side of his perch.

How we cheered. How the thousands in the streets cheered as Grahame-White passed around the gasometer so low that we could see him wave to us in acknowledgment of the dipping of a red flag, which was the "off" signal. He turned towards Willesden Junction to pick up the London and North Western line by which he intended to steer for Manchester.

Before he was out of sight we tumbled down the gasometer ladder, and were away in motor-cars to catch up with the aeroplane and to follow as best we could along the high roads.

He came down the same morning in a field near Rugby, after he had covered a total distance of 113 miles—a splendid achievement and a record. It was, of course, out of the question for him to make the air journey to Manchester in one continuous flight. Those early flying machines were not capable of that.

Then misfortune befell him.

The wind increased in strength, preventing his taking off again, and forcing him to wait for better conditions. His machine was blown over and damaged, and it was necessary to convey it back to London and to the airship hangar on Wormwood Scrubs for repairs. So the better part of a week passed. . . .

Meanwhile, Louis Paulhan arrived in this country as second competitor for the £10,000 prize. He also had a Henry Farman machine, and made his headquarters at Hendon.

There followed feverish activity by mechanics in the rival camps to have the respective machines ready. Farman, the inventor and designer, with complete impartiality, gave assistance to both aviators.

Actually, Grahame-White was ready first for the race. On the afternoon of April 27 his machine was wheeled out of its hangar, but the weather was unfavourable, and Grahame-White postponed his start, going to a place near by to rest until conditions improved.

On this occasion I was attached to Louis Paulhan. We were receiving constant messages from Wormwood Scrubs of how work was progressing there. We heard "Grahame-White is ready, but is not getting off just yet."

Paulhan, mechanic as well as pilot, was adjusting and testing his engine. He was managing to do about three different things together. He was like a man possessed in his fiery energy.

Nerves were strained. Everyone was in a condition of overmastering excitement. Could Paulhan get ready that day? Who would be first in the air?

At about 5.20 Paulhan was satisfied. He cried in French, "I'm going." He ran and embraced his wife. He clambered into his seat. The engine was started. The biplane rolled in a somewhat staggering gait across the ground . . . Louis Paulhan was in the air, making circles towards Hampstead Heath, his official starting point.

Next place for me was Willesden Junction station, reached in about ten minutes after a hectic motor-car dash.

The "Paulhan Special" was waiting with steam up—an express engine, a brake van and a saloon carriage.

As the train drew out of the platform a porter came running with the news from Watford signal box that Paulhan was flying over the town.

There was a speedometer in our saloon

THE HUMAN MACHINE

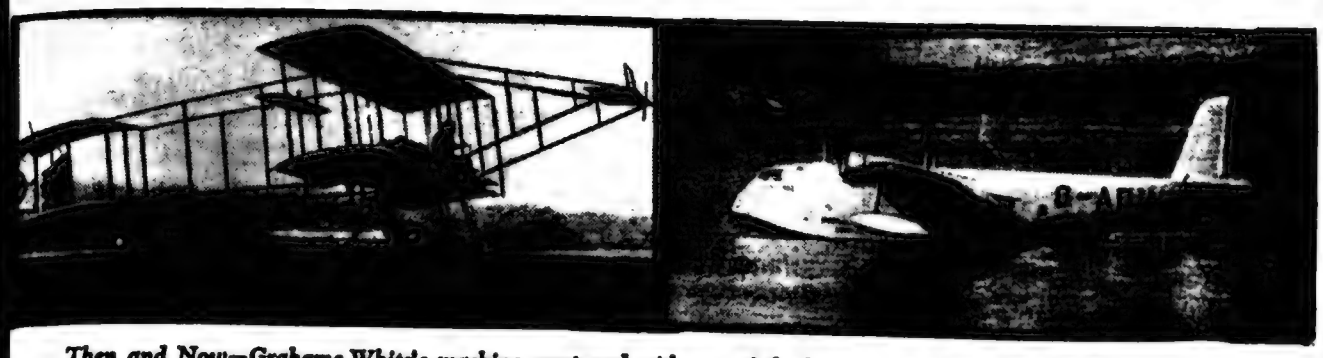
THERE is an old saying, "Shoemaker, stick to your last!" In other words, if you wish to succeed be a specialist. Find out what you can do best, and do it to the exclusion of everything else. The trouble is that, like all "sayings," it's far too sweeping. It expresses a point of view tersely and well, but it fails to allow for other points of view.

It is quite true that no one ever got anywhere without both selection and perseverance. To succeed, you have to choose some line of activity and stick to it. To scatter your energies and fritter away your abilities on half a hundred different things is merely to invite trouble and disappointment to be your fellow-travellers through life. To some extent you must specialise if you wish to get on. But you needn't over-specialise. To be versatile is as equally meritorious as to be specialised; and no greater mistake could be made than to assume that because a man is very good at one thing he can't be equally good at another thing as well.

We ordinary folk—and we are the majority—can rarely do anything superlatively well. If we could, we wouldn't be ordinary! We should be the top! But what we can do—and rarely bother to do—is to do a variety of things reasonably well.

Most of us would be intensely surprised at the result, if we devoted the same energy and intelligence to our work that we give to our pastimes.

We nearly all have more than one string to our bow—and we shouldn't hesitate to try them all. Habit can be a dreadful master as well as a priceless servant. To be a cog in a wheel is certainly to do a job—but who wants to remain a cog?



Then and Now—Grahame-White's machine compared with one of the latest flying boats now in use—which owes its existence partly to the pioneer work of the old-time flyers

ALL ENGLAND

carriage. Henry Farman, who was one of the party, sat watching the speed dial, and never moved from that position. He had a stop-watch in his hand and a large scale map of the line by his side.

At 6.59, Farman shut his watch with a snap. He pointed to the speedometer, which showed we were travelling at 62 miles an hour, and he said "Paulhan is travelling at about 43 miles an hour, and we shall catch him in seven minutes."

We actually caught up with him at 7.7; Farman was one minute out in his calculation.

From the moment we "found" Paulhan he never left us. Our engine was blowing a heavy cloud of smoke as a signal and Paulhan spotted us almost as soon as we saw him.

He was flying then at a height of about 500 feet, a mile to the left of the railway. When he realised that the train, overtaking him, was his own "special," he edged in towards it, until he was flying comparatively close alongside.

Madam Paulhan leaned out from the carriage window. She kissed her hand to her husband and waved a coloured scarf. He waved back to her.

Rugby station that evening had gone mad. Members of the railway staff were lining the tops of stationary trains, shouting and cheering.

As we checked to pass through the station, an official called out that Grahame-White had started, and was flying so well that he had passed Bletchley.

On we went then, our driver keeping hold of his engine and notching her back to about forty miles an hour so that we were always in company with the aeroplane.

I made a kind of minute to minute diary of what happened, with a record of scenes on stations and the crowds by the line.

At 8.10 in a signal check at Tamworth we heard that Grahame-White was still flying strongly "on our tail."

Reaching Lichfield a few minutes later, we saw that Paulhan was down in a field close to the station, and we stopped.

The machine was almost engulfed by people. We could not find Paulhan. His wife was in distress. In those days a quick descent was dangerous and she wanted to know if anything had happened to her husband.

Paulhan spoke no English, and we learned later that he met with difficulty in curbing the attempts to assist him from over-zealous sightseers.

Eventually when the machine was surely pegged down and surrounded by a temporary wire fence and constables of the local police, we found Paulhan, comfortable and calm—for a Frenchman—at the George Hotel, Lichfield.

News came through that Grahame-White was down at Roade, near Northampton, having made an excellent landing in the dusk. He was standing by, ready to start at the earliest possible moment in the morning. I don't think that anyone went to bed in Lichfield that night. The city was crazy with excitement. Crowds from throughout the Midlands poured into the town. I am afraid also, from what I remember, that hotel and public-house landlords committed breaches of the licensing hours.

Our special train was parked in a siding by the station, and we slept—what little sleep was possible—aboard it.

Before half-past four next morning Paulhan was on the field preparing for the remainder of his journey.

Then we learned by the railway telegraph that Grahame-White had stolen an unexpected move on his rival.

He had started away in the black darkness and had achieved the first night flight ever made. He was steering a course by the light of innumerable motor-car headlamps, and was less than fifteen miles away.

Once again Paulhan became furious in his haste to be off. His engine was reluctant, and sluggish. It seemed that the Englishman was bound to catch him.

The crowd was beyond itself. A young girl ran forward to Paulhan and begged him to wait for the other machine and make a neck-and-neck race of it.

Paulhan did not understand what she meant. He brushed her aside, scrambled to his seat, and was away. The field was only 120 yards long, and as the machine ran on and on without lifting it looked as though he would not clear the telegraph wires and trees in front of him.

But he just scraped over, and was safely on his route once more with the special train at his elbow.

Turning through my diary of the flight, I find that at 4.37 Paulhan climbed to a wonderful height of 800 feet to escape a hill in his path.

At 5.12 there is a note "Passed a really enthusiastic family: father, mother, grown-up daughters and children, all standing on the railway embankment, dressed in nothing but nightshirt and gowns; not even shoes."

A little later the race was over.

Paulhan made a perfect landing at Didsbury, a suburb of Manchester, and we in his "special" continued to the Manchester terminus to welcome him afterwards at the Queen's Hotel.

Then, as a sensible man, he went to bed.

I remember that Paulhan, with the £10,000 well and truly won, was more than a little difficult.

He did not want to talk. His wife, his manager and Henry Farman all were needed to persuade him before he would consent to give his own story of the great flight to the newspaper which put up the prize.

I have before me as I write the official time-table of the flight, which is:—

April 27—5.31 p.m. crossed the official starting line at Hampstead.
8.10 p.m. descended at Lichfield.
April 23—4.9 a.m. left Lichfield.
5.32 a.m. arrived Manchester.
Distance flown 183 miles
Flying time 242 minutes.

Grahame-White, in spite of his bravery and determination, did not complete the air journey to Manchester. He went up from Roade at 2.50 in the morning, and was forced down again at Polesworth, having flown a distance of 107 miles from London.

With Paulhan at Manchester, there was no reason for him to continue.

To his rival the prize of £10,000. To him the distinction of a splendid failure.

Next Week:

Assassination In London

In Bethlehem To-day

Continued From Page Nine

in the stable of popular tradition, but in the lower room of a cave dwelling. And it is interesting, in support of this theory, to remember that Justin Martyr, who was born about 100 A.D., repeats a tradition current in his time that Jesus was born in a cave.

* * *

It is the Grotto of the Nativity that becomes the centre of the Christmas celebrations in Bethlehem.

Like so many of the holy places in Palestine, the church is shared between the Eastern and the Western Christians. The Latins, the Greek Orthodox, and the Armenians, each have their portions of the church, which are carefully guarded. Because religion takes the place of nationality in the Holy Land, these portions are as jealously guarded as the frontiers of a country.

The moving of a strip of carpet one inch this way or that may precipitate an "incident," just as the moving of a frontier post to the north or the south might cause a war among nations. It may seem foolish, but it is at least understandable. Among communities which exist by virtue of long custom, any change in habit may be a precedent that may harden into custom.

On Christmas Eve the Franciscan monks of Bethlehem celebrate midnight Mass within a few yards of the scene of the Nativity. Their vigil ends as day is breaking over the mauve hills of Moab, and as their hymns of praise rise from the dim cave, the bells of Bethlehem ring out from the ancient belfry—deep-voiced, gong-like bells—to announce the coming of another Christmas.

The Latin, or Roman Catholic, Christmas is followed, on January 7, by the Greek Orthodox Christmas and the Christmas of all those Christians who still follow the Julian Calendar. If the Churches of the West had not adopted the reformed calendar which Pope Gregory XIII devised in the sixteenth century, our Christmas this year would fall not on December 25 but on January 7.

The old Julian Calendar was found to be one day too long in about every century. The Gregorian reform consisted in dropping ten days from the year at a certain point and the adoption of a new system of reckoning. The Eastern Church in the Holy Land has never recognised the order of the Western Pope, and that is why the Greek Christmas in Bethlehem falls thirteen days after the Latin, or Western, Christmas.

The Greek Patriarch's Christmas visit to Bethlehem is one of the most picturesque events in the Palestine year. He drives out from Jerusalem accompanied by his bishops and priests, and by an escort of mounted police.

Bethlehem is packed to suffocation. The square in front of the church is filled by a gaily dressed, varied crowd of Arabs, Greeks, Armenians, and even by Christian Bedouins. Every inch of room inside the stately Byzantine basilica is occupied, and above the heads rise hundreds of white cones: the "crusading" hats of the women of Bethlehem.

With a pomp and splendour greater than that of any ceremony of the Roman Church, the Greek Patriarch and his bishops conduct the Christmas service and awaken memories of the long dead imperial court of Constantinople as their rich brocades glitter in the candlelight and their hoarse chanting rises in the air.

The Patriarch in white vestments, and wearing on his venerable head a jewelled crown, leads the way down the steps into the darkness of the crypt. The little cave is suffocating with the pungent fumes of incense. Every person who descends carries a lighted candle in his hand. The heat becomes insufferable. The devout excitement rises to the point of hysteria. And in the place where Christ was born rises a hymn of praise in Greek, just as, thirteen days before, the Latin of the Western Church had hailed Him.

Sometimes there is disorder at such ceremonies, because these Eastern peoples are very excitable and their ideas of outward devotion are not our ideas. Commonplace tourists, brought for the first time into contact with the Eastern Church and lacking the necessary knowledge on which all understanding is founded, often go home and say that the ceremonies at the holy places are a disgrace to Christianity because they are devoid of all reverence.

If we, with our cold, superior ideas of religious reverence, feel at times able to criticise the conduct of our fellow-Christians in Jerusalem or Bethlehem, let us remember that it is to the courage, the devotion—the fanaticism, if you like—of these same excitable, child-like people that we owe the preservation of the churches of the Holy Land through centuries of Moslem domination.

The British policemen, who are always on duty to keep order during the religious outbursts of the Eastern Church, may sometimes be seen to smile in a superior way as they observe the surging crowds weeping, crying, shouting in their efforts to approach the holy place. It is true that good Presbyterians do not behave like this; neither do well-brought up members of the Anglican Church.

But this is sure. If through the violent centuries men had not been willing to risk death or mutilation for the privilege of approaching the sacred places of Christendom, then we might have to look in vain to-day for the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, and no lamps would be burning above the Manger in which Christ was born.

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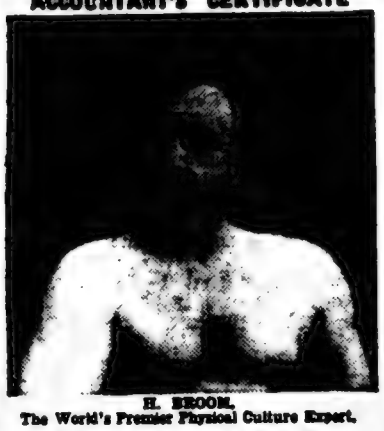

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Bradley's

It looks very nice now, but do you ever pause to think of the work entailed in finding "something new" each year?

In Search Of Something NEW *In* Panto

THREE theatrical managers told me there was nothing new to say about pantomime—so it looked as if JOHN BULL readers would have to go without.

"Pantomime's the one thing you can't modernise," said No. 1. "Might as well ask me for something new about St. Paul's Cathedral," said No. 2. "Or about Grimm's Fairy Stories," added No. 3.

So I went to see Mr. Frank Rubens, who is one of those giants of pantomime you never see before the footlights. He has run many pantomimes himself, finds principal "boys" and girls, fairy godmothers and wicked uncles for other people's, and as professional manager of one of the leading firms of music publishers supplies something like 300 pantomimes with their song-hits. If there was anything new in pantomime he ought to know.

"Of course, you want something really new," he began. ("Come in, darling," to a big blue-eye and peep of a saucy hat that came round his door.)

"Something that hasn't been published before." ("Sit down, dear," to a fairy who had just found her way into "Red Riding Hood.")

"Well, I'll talk to you for an hour on pantomime, and you can pick out what you like." ("Sing it over in the corner, *quietly*, my dears," to a couple of stage "sisters" who are going to charm a Bad Baron with duets twice nightly.)

The brunette with the saucy hat complained to Mr. Rubens' assistant that the Giant was trying to steal "Let's All Be a Happy Family" from her, and she wasn't going to stand for it, musical director or no musical director. The fairy bounced herself on the settee, as if she planned at any minute to soar up and go flying round the room.

The duettists sang:

I'll sing you a thousand love songs
("But not quite so loudly, my dears.")
And still they'll seem so few.
For I need a thousand voices
("Not in a small room like this.")
To tell you how I love you.
I've only one heart to give you,
One voice to listen to
So I'll bring a thousand love songs
And sing every one, dear, for you.

And Mr. Rubens began.

"Looking through this book, in which I have full details of every pantomime, the first thing that strikes me is that we are going to have more of them this year than ever," he said.

"THE first in order of popularity is 'Cinderella,' as always. That's because youngsters want to see the Golden Coach. When something went wrong at Golders Green not long ago, and the coach didn't go on the stage, the kids stayed behind after the curtain fell and demanded to see it.

"Although the show was finished, the coach had to be taken across the stage—then the kids went home happy.

"Another reason why it is an easy first is that 'Cinderella' is the basis of every musical comedy that was ever written, and—excuse me a moment."

The telephone bell had rung.

"Yes, yes," he said. "What, *you*? You can't walk out on a show like that, you know. When you're under contract for a pantomime, you're under contract. What's that? Your father dying? Oh, I'm sorry to hear that, darling. I'm terribly sorry. Forgive every word I just said to you in anger. I realise it, I realise it; you can't go on. I'll tell the manager of the company so.

"Better luck in 1937, my dear, than ever you had in 1936. And if I can do any little thing to help——"

Mr. Rubens looked sad as he replaced the receiver. "They look forward to a good job in panto.," he said. "They get it, and then—— No, there's nothing new in that.

"Well, this little book tells me that 'Dick Whittington' again sticks to second place in popularity. That's because every boy wants to rise and become at least a Lord Mayor. Every little girl aspires as high—either for herself or the man she will one day marry.

"And 'Babes in the Wood,' the cheapest of all pantomimes to produce because it is always better without a transformation scene, keeps third place. Like the story of 'Whittington,' it is a story children live through themselves whenever they see it or hear it told."

Into the room had come a dark-haired beauty. She walked up to Mr. Rubens' desk: drummed on it agitatedly. "If only you could spare me a minute."

She wanted the name of a pantomime in which a certain actor was appearing. She was certain he must have gone into pantomime somewhere, but where? "My partner," she said bitterly. "My precious stage partner, and just when we've got a week at the —— Hippodrome he goes and leaves me flat."

As she walked out disconsolately, Mr. Rubens spoke. "The old story, maybe. Two people get a living as partners. Pantomime gives one a chance of getting bigger money for a few weeks. One goes to the bigger money—the other to the devil for all the partner cares."

The aspect of the room had changed since the interview began. The fairy had gone—had probably flown out under her own wing-power, for none of us had heard her go. A Titian-haired Principal Boy—"only two women on the stage have got thicker thighs. Ah, you want good thighs for the 'boy's' part"—was saying that she simply *lurved* a particular song, but one note beat her, and how the dickens was she going to get out of that?

"THE saddest-looking man it has been my lot to see—"one of the funniest men since George Formby died"—was now at the piano, with:

Let's go gay, we're on a holiday,
And we don't want to go to bed,
Have a do, till one or two,
Or three, or four, or five o'clock,
Remember you're a long time dead.

And Mr. Rubens continued:

"Something *really* new about pantomime? Now let me see.

"Florrie Forde's in pantomime still. Good old Florrie. She's the Boy in 'Puss in Boots' at Liverpool. What will pantomime be without her?

"Oh, yes, and Ernie Lotinga's going to sing a song for the first time in his life, although not many stage people will believe it. One note beat him, but we altered that. Then—oh, excuse me again."

Two pretty little girls had come in now. They advanced to the desk shyly. They didn't look a day more than eighteen.

"Well, my dears, what can I do for you?"

The prettier of them wriggled like a schoolgirl. "We're new to England, and just don't know what to do," she said. "We've come from Australia to make our fortunes as singers, you know.

"We've been to the B.B.C. and they've put us on a list—although we don't quite know what that means. We have sung over the A.B.C., I might tell you. We have come all these thousands of miles to make good, and we just don't know where to begin.

"We wondered about pantomime..."

Mr. Rubens handed them a sheet of music. "Go over to the piano and sing that," he said, "and don't think I'm not listening if I go on talking to this gentleman from JOHN BULL.

"Now, where was I? Something new. Oh, yes. Well, there's the fact that the Melvilles are trying a very different idea at the Lyceum this year. They are going to have the Giant of 'Jack the Giant Killer,' the Cat of 'Dick Whittington,' and different features from all sorts of other pantomimes.

"That is really rare, for with very few exceptions, the newest of our pantomimes are from thirty to sixty years old. The 'books' have come down unchanged, the standard music also.

"You just work in topical gags, and topical sings—and, hey presto! you have a new pantomime.

"AND those old-timers who wrote our pantomimes could write. There was Hickory Wood, Frank Dix and the pair who wrote as Howard and Wyndham. I could name a lot of them, most of them dead now. Their work will live, although the paper on which they worked has long since returned to dust.

Now the two little girls from Australia were nearing the end of their song. Mr. Rubens gave them his undivided attention as they sang the last lines:

Just say "Aloha,"
Who cares how dark the world may be?
Make believe we're in Hawaii...
And you're in love with me.

Then he told them: "Well, you've got two lovely little voices, and you're not going to starve. Take that from me. I might even be able to fix you up in pantomime.

"Together?" they said excitedly.

I was with Mr. Rubens for some time after that. I heard stories of children who have interrupted performances and protested against flagrant departures from the fairy story. I was puzzled to hear that no foreign country can understand pantomime, that pantomimes fail both in Canada and Australia!

Then, when I left, he apologised at not being able to tell me anything new about pantomime!

* * *

A pale little man who was leaving the room at the same time as myself told me something new, anyhow.

"It gets your wife's ring out of pawn at the end of a bad year," he said. "It buys boots for the kids. It enables you to lift your head up. You even rise to the height of being able to lend half-a-crown to some poor devil whom even pantomime can't help."

Packed houses will soon be laughing at that man.

Yes, there are still plenty of new things to be said and written about pantomime.

M.F.

A happy Christmas . . .

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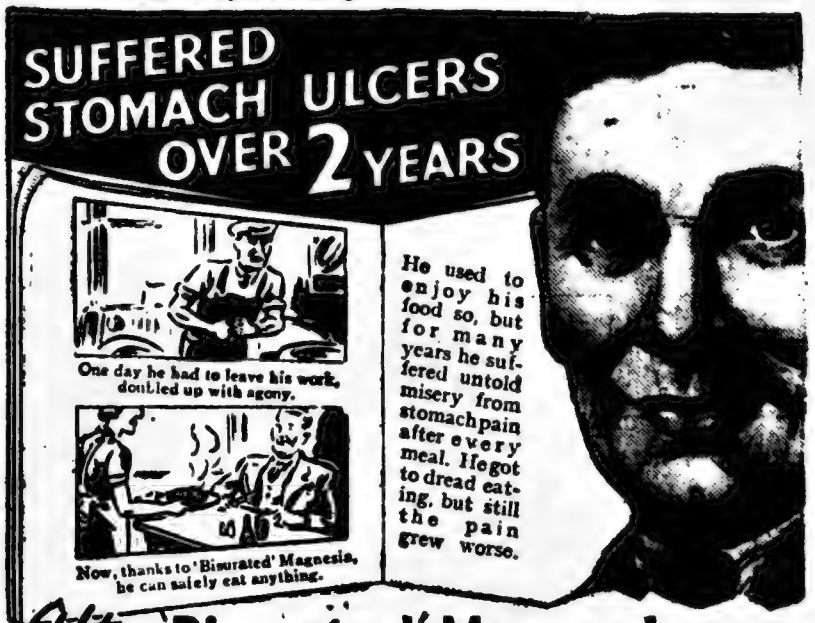
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'Bisurated' Magnesia
For the Stomach

No More Night COUGHS

—Thanks to 'Pineate' Honey Cough-Syrup, the children's Cough Remedy

BETTY had a horrible night cough which used to keep her awake for hours. But now that mother gives her a teaspoonful of 'Pineate' Honey Cough-Syrup before putting her to bed, she sleeps "like a top" all night with never a cough.

One dose of 'Pineate' brand Honey Cough-Syrup will immediately stop the nastiest cough, clear up congestion, and soothe and heal the inflamed throat and chest. It is quick, safe and sure—the children love it, and it can be given to the youngest child with perfect safety. A teaspoonful is a full dose, and a bottle costs only 1/6. If there's a cough in the house, get a bottle at once—but be sure you ask for

'Pineate'
Brand HONEY Regd.
COUGH-SYRUP

The Cough Remedy for Children

MODERN MOTHERS

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SPENCER MATERNITY BELT

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The Spencer Maternity Bandeau gives uplift and support and prevents sagging both before and after maternity.

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caused her nights of agony—

TILL SHE TRIED DIGESTIF RENNIE

'I have found great relief in taking Digestif Rennie Pastilles. I have really and truly been in agony when I have tried to eat a little pork or attempted peas, but now there is no more walking round the room at night, no more being short of breath when working. I go out to work armed with my Digestif Rennie Pastilles. Thank you for finding so great a tablet!'
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Digestif Rennie (Brand) Pastilles, the new prescription for indigestion, are obtainable from your own Chemist. Trial Size 6d., Family Size 1/9.

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SELF-LIGHTING GAS FIRE

ENSURE home comfort by getting details of the soft penetrating warmth of a HIGH BEAM *Self-Lighting* Gas Fire. No excuse for playing with matches now! it's got the new self-lighting tap! HIGH BEAM GAS FIRES heat a room the healthy way—not just one bit, but every corner. For further information and full illustrated particulars write, mentioning "John Bull" to Radiation, Ltd. (Dept. S.49), 164, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

The WISE KEEP WARM WITHIN!
1D PER PKT
3D PER TIN
NIPITS
PASTILLES
of all confectioners

"Happy people were congregated round a log fire. The old man blinked"

Conrad Phillips is visiting registered readers in their homes and retelling their big thrill. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. This week's story is from Registered Reader No. 178,371, Mr. L. Portman, 28, Windmill St., London, W.

CHRISTMAS HOMECOMING

THE countryside around the farm in the valley was buried beneath snow. It had snowed two days before Christmas and had continued almost incessantly until Christmas morning.

Along the hedges that bordered the fields and the lanes it had drifted in high slopes that looked like white waterfalls suspended in motion. On the hills on either side of the valley the whiteness seemed to merge into the sky.

Leading to the farmhouse was a winding lane. This extended from the main road to a small village some two miles from the farm. Usually this thoroughfare was fairly busy. It formed a 'bus route from the village to the surrounding towns and was the only road by which tradesmen from the towns could travel to deliver goods to the villagers.

To-day being Christmas Day, however, it was deserted and dead. This was also true of the main road.

It was about four in the afternoon that the old man turned into the lane. He walked with his bearded chin stuck in his chest. On his shoulder he carried a lumpy sack.

His gait was unsteady and his red bulbous nose formed a striking contrast to the whiteness of the beard, which looked as if it were protesting against the manifest hostility of its environment.

As he walked the old man mumbled under his breath: "It can't be long now. It can't be long now."

Sometimes he would pause to look over a hedge. It was on these occasions that his faded blue eyes would light up and the usual haggard expression of his wrinkled face would disappear.

In these moments he seemed placid, and straightening his bent body he surveyed the hills beyond the hedges like a person who loved what he saw. Continuing his way, his body sank down to its normal posture.

When he reached the farm he paused and leaned on a bar gate leading to the farmyard. Now and then the stillness of the afternoon was broken by a cow mooing. The only sign of life in the farmyard were chickens scratching on a large pile of manure in the middle.

After watching these for a few minutes the old man changed his gaze to the house, behind some trees to the right. After a while he shrugged his wide shoulders and walked along a path leading to the house.

Reaching the front door, he stopped to stroke a sheepdog that had suddenly appeared from the other side of the house. The dog seemed overjoyed to see him. This pleased the old man.

"You silly old thing," he said. "You don't know me."

At this juncture a man wearing gaiters and breeches appeared in the doorway. He was a youngish man with red hair and a rugged face.

"What can I do for you?" he asked, eyeing the old man suspiciously.

The other looked up. From under his spikey brows he regarded the newcomer curiously.

"You can't be Nell's boy?" he said after a pause.

"That was my mother's Christian name."

The old man looked reminiscently at the ground.

"I suppose she's passed on by now?" he asked.

"Yes. But who are you?"

In the room to the left the sounds of merriment reached the old man's ears. People were laughing and talking with great gusto.

"I'm your mother's brother Fred."

The other's face lit up in surprise.

"Uncle Fred! Why, come on in."

They went into a large living-room where a party of happy people were congregated around a large Christmas tree to the right of a log fire. In there the old man blinked with embarrassment.

After his nephew had introduced him to everybody, it was some minutes before he could find his voice. By the way he glanced at his ragged attire it was obvious that he was suffering from self-consciousness.

"I must say," he said at last, "that this isn't exactly a proud homecoming. I sort of planned it differently from this years ago. But things went wrong."

He paused and glanced up at the others who were gathered around him. He did not know a soul present. Most of them had not been born when he was here last. That must have been forty years ago. "Yes," he added sadly, "things went wrong."

Somebody suggested that food should be given to him. This met with the others' approval. Later cold turkey and ham were heaped on a plate.

While the others asked him numerous questions, the old man devoured the meal hungrily. When he had finished, he leaned back in his chair and crossed his legs.

"You were hungry," said the farmer who had met the old man at the door.

"Yes," he replied. "It's a long time since I had a meal like that."

The rest of the afternoon he related to the company the adventures he had had in foreign countries. He had been in Alaska during two gold rushes; he had worked in the Australian bush; he had penetrated into Darkest Africa.

During a period of five years he had been a sailor at sea. His graphic stories of monsoons and typhoons held the company spellbound.

"During all those long years," he said, "I always dreamed of coming back to this old house where I was born. All wanderers feel the call of home. Some never make it. Fate is against them. Many times I felt it was against me. Sometimes when I had made a big stake I would plan a trip home. But something always turned up to prevent it. And so the years went on and on.

"Then you get old—very old. It's time to die. I felt like giving up many times during this last year. But something inside me urged me to make an effort to get here.

"Three weeks ago I managed to get to Montreal. I had tramped right the way from California.

"That was some feat for an old fellow like me. There were many times during the journey that I nearly creased up. It was the call of these hills around here in my ears that kept me going.

"I was lucky to get a boat. There was a mate on a freighter whom I had known many years before. Thank God, I met him. He made things easy for me. I was more like a passenger."

He bent forward and frowned.

"Funny how, when you're young," he added, "your mind is filled with dreams of making a fortune. You spend most of your time doing this. To me there was always one just around the corner.

"But I never found it.

"But there was fun in the hunting. That is the main joy of living. Now I return to the place from where I came as broke as I was when I left. That's life."

He paused wearily and yawned.

"Would you like to rest awhile, uncle?" asked the farmer.

"Thank you," the old man replied.

They took him upstairs. In a few minutes he was fast asleep.

The party downstairs lost its gaiety. Everybody seemed to have lapsed into a state of sad speculation. The reason for this was exemplified later when one of the younger members said:

"We were always taught to believe that Uncle Fred was living abroad like a prince."

His presence in the house had destroyed that happy illusion.

Nobody disturbed the old man that night. The following morning when the farmer went to call him he noticed that the shaft of pale sunlight that pierced the tiny window of his room was shining full on his face. He noticed, too, that his eyes were half open and set in a calm, happy smile.

There was no doubt what had happened—the old man had died in his sleep. Thus he had reached the end of his long journey and found peace.

FLAKE MIXTURE OR SHAG

Knowing your man is rather important but with a gift of Tobacco, "Digger" is so popular (more smokers buy it than any other Empire Tobacco) that you stand an excellent chance of really pleasing him, with say a sizeable looking ¼-lb. tin which costs only 2/8.

PLAYER'S DIGGER TOBACCOS

1/4 2oz TIN
2/8 ¼lb TIN

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In tubes 4½d., 6d. and 9d.

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SECCOTINE
THE DOUBLE STRENGTH ADHESIVE

Take It!

Beware of Imitations

—And Stop Limping

LEG TROUBLES soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Painful, swollen (Varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, old wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, Piles disappear, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto; *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers!*

Not a Drug, But a Vital Cell-Food!

You naturally ask—What is Elasto? This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet which explains in simple language the Elasto method of curing through the blood. Your copy is free, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which MUST be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue, and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation; *the real basis of sound health!*

Prepared in small delicate tablets, by a special process, Elasto dissolves *instantly* on the tongue, and is absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood.

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful new biological remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality, and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing.

For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this modern scientific remedy.

Read What Users of Elasto Say:

"*No sign of varicose veins now.*"
"*Elasto put new life into me.*"
"*Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years.*"
"*My Doctor highly praises Elasto.*"
"*Now walk long distances with ease.*"
"*Elasto has cured my bad legs.*"
"*Cured my rheumatism and neuritis.*"
"*Now free from piles.*"
"*I feel 10 years younger.*"
"*It put me on my feet.*"
"*Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging.*"
"*All signs of phlebitis gone.*"
"*Completely cured my varicose ulcers.*"
"*My skin is as soft as velvet.*"
"*Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better.*"
"*I had suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me.*"
"*Lumbago cured after three years of suffering. Age 66.*"
"*Cured my sciatica 12 months ago; still quite fit.*"
"*I was suffering from mitral disease and dare not exert myself in any way, but now, thanks to Elasto, my heart is quite sound again.*" *Etc., Etc.*

These extracts are taken from letters received from grateful people who KNOW, who have tested and proved for themselves, the extraordinary health-restoring powers of this wonderful new biological remedy Elasto. We guarantee the authenticity of every extract quoted.

Here's Good News! You Can Test Elasto Free!

We have set aside a number of free samples of Elasto for readers of "John Bull." To secure one of these all you have to do is to fill in the Coupon below and post it without delay to: ELASTO (Dept. 15. F), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. Early application is advised, so post your coupon NOW—while you think of it. This offer is too good to be missed.

COUPON *for Free Trial Sample of Elasto* ★

ELASTO (Dept. 15.F), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

NAME .....
(Please print in capital letters.)

ADDRESS .....

"J.B." 26.12.36. ..... *Issued by The New Era Treatment Co., Ltd.*

Elasto will save you pounds!

Weighed 18 STONE

And Suffered From

BAD LEG

Dear Sirs, *Plumstead.*

If ever a man had reason to be thankful to your wonderful *Germolene* it is myself. I am not exaggerating one word when I say that I have suffered for 13 years from 9 ulcers on my legs and ankles. I am a heavy man (turned 55 years of age, 6 feet, 5½ inches tall and weigh over 18 stone), so you can imagine the agony I have been through. I was in different hospitals right from 1927 till 1936 and absolutely every known ulcer treatment was tried for me without a cure. As you will realize, for years I have been unable to walk.

Now Completely Healed

But now I am pleased to say I can, thanks to *Germolene*, for both my legs and ankles have been firmly healed. I can assure you that my personal advice, from experience, to sufferers from ulcerated legs, no matter how bad they are, is—"Use *Germolene*." They will never have a better preparation which will render immediate ease and comfort, and which is cleansing and healing at the same time. I give you full permission to use my letter and photograph in any way you think fit.

I am,

Yours respectfully, A. J.

BOILER WORKER SCALDED

Maidenhead.

Dear Sirs,

Your wonderful *Germolene* Ointment ought to be kept handy in every boiler house. I am a boiler-house worker myself and recently had convincing proof of its marvellous healing powers.

Owing to the bursting of a rubber pipe, I was caught with the boiling water on my arm and badly scalded.

The skin was dead and peeled off, leaving a raw and wet surface. Knowing from experience the fast-healing power of *Germolene*, I applied it liberally. The relief in a few seconds was astonishing.

The watery discharge dried up, and new skin soon began to form.

I hope you will publish this for the benefit of all workers in boiler-rooms and kitchens, where scalds and burns are frequent.

Yours faithfully, F. D.

ABSCESSES	ULCERS	IMPETIGO	STRAINS
BOILS	SORES	PSORIASIS	SCALDS
ITCH	BAD LEG	RASHES	SCRATCHES
WOUNDS	ECZEMA	RINGWORM	ACNE
CUTS	BURNS	LICHEN	BLACKHEADS
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Germolene

6D. *Brand* ASEPTIC OINTMENT

1/3, 3/- & 12/- Per Tin. Tubes 4/6

More The Merrier At MINE HOST'S

All over the country hotels of all kinds will be packed with "lonely people" in search of fun—and finding it. (From the film "Confetti")

ARE you really looking forward to the week-end? Does Christmas promise truly to be a joyous break in the winter months, a "festival of fun and frolic"—or does it loom before you as an ordeal of loneliness.

There are many households in Britain, heaven knows, where the seasonal fare will be scanty enough. Some families will not have any turkey or Christmas pudding, but will content themselves with being together and having enough to eat at all. Yet there are a good many people who would gladly join them.

Just as it is possible to be desperately lonely amid the teeming millions of the cities, so it is possible to be thoroughly dejected when everyone else seems intent upon having a good time. It is, I say, *possible*—but by no means necessary.

All over the country there are countless thousands of unmarried people who only realise how very much alone they are at Christmas time. Then all their friends and acquaintances disappear to spend the holiday with "the family"; and unless they are lucky enough to have one they are in for a dull time. That is, unless they know the ropes.

Last year I might have spent three rather gloomy and wretched days if I had not struck upon the hotel idea. Then I made some enquiries and quickly changed my plans. Now I know all about it.

All down the scale from the luxury hotel to the humble hostel it is possible to join up with people who are in the same boat as yourself—and sympathy makes the quickest friendships. Almost invariably the principle is the same—you pay an inclusive charge, promptly forget all about the financial side, and become one of the crowd.

It is not expensive. You may have a riotous time for two or three pounds. Several hostels in London take in guests for as little as ten shillings a day "all in"; but you can pay ten or fifteen pounds at the other end of the scale.

Not all the Christmas guests of hotels are lonely bachelors. Many childless couples adopt the same idea, for the sake of a complete change. And elderly couples whose children are themselves married, and perhaps scattered too far apart to rejoin them for a few days, find the idea a good one.

At the hotel in which I stayed last year were two charming old people from the North of England. They regarded the trip to London as a great treat, and quickly endeared themselves to all the other guests. On Christmas night they sang a duet version of "Love's Old Sweet Song," and when they were talking to me afterwards I was astonished to learn that they were on their honeymoon.

Christmas is becoming more and more a wedding-time every year, for the honeymooners are assured, nowadays, of a jolly crowd wherever they happen to stay.

Just in order to check up on the arrangements this week-end I have visited two establishments of a very different kind. One is a great hotel in the West End of London, the other a large boarding-house in one of the poorer suburbs.

The manager of the great hotel in Park Lane was very busy.

"We shall be full to the doors," he said. "Not only are we booked up to capacity with guests, but there are dozens of private parties for the restaurant on the two nights."

He explained that many wealthy people took out their party for dinner, in order to give the servants a holiday. "Often," he added, "they lend the servants the house or flat for the evening, so that they can entertain their own friends."

This manager had had some difficulty in obtaining a good "Santa Claus." The one he had last year, it seems, was an old broken-down actor for whom times had changed.

"He's too busy working in a film to take up his usual Christmas sideline. Another one I engaged dyed his beard red for a film, and I had to change him. Really, the films have ruined the Santa Claus business."

This so amused me that I went out and discovered an old gentleman with a flowing white beard. Yes, he had been engaged as a Santa Claus since last November. During the year he recites to theatre crowds, but he always does well at Christmas.

"My whiskers are worth a fortune to me," he said proudly.

The boarding-house I visited in Highbury was already festooned to the doors with paper chains and mistletoe. The middle-aged proprietress was herself up a ladder fastening the holly.

"I'll be down in a moment," she said, and—as the ladder slipped—she was. All the assembled staff laughed heartily, and she took the tumble in good part.

"We'll make that my party piece," she said solemnly. "You know, everyone has to do *something*—wonderful the way it breaks down their reserve."

She told me about her arrangements.

"I charge three guineas for the week-end," she said, "but that includes as much as they can eat or drink of everything. Most of them like to send the money in advance, so that they don't have to think about it at all—just like joining a private 'do,' you see."

She explained that as her guests arrive she more or less swoops upon them like old friends, although she has not seen most of them before. They never resent it.

"I get all kinds—little business girls, young schoolmasters, elderly civil servants and so on. But it's lovely to see how they enjoy themselves. Some of them have such a good time that they give up their 'digs' and come to live here."

This kindly soul explained that she made no rules of any kind. The guests do exactly as they like, and her experience was that all people are inherently "nice."

"I don't care if they play cards for a penny a time, or something," she said, "and I don't care if they kiss under the mistletoe or anywhere else. Most of them have been cooped up in little rooms all the year, and they just let themselves go when they're let out."

So, if you're one of the people for whom Christmas might prove dull, just consider the hotel idea. Many seaside places are more gay at this time than during the summer, and they offer extraordinary terms. There's still time to wire and book a room.

To-day the hotel population is probably higher for this one week-end than at any other time of the year.

And the number of lonely people is fewer than ever before.

M. S.

ONLY 8 MORE DAYS

Only eight more days and the opportunity to obtain JOHN BULL'S Great Christmas Gift to its readers will have gone.

Those who have not yet accepted this generous offer should lose no time in making application for their Presentation Writing Sets. Free Gift Vouchers accepted as 2s. 9d. and 7s. 6d. respectively are on page 29. They should be cashed at once. Only eight more days!

James

Greatest of These

"THE old soldier is the man who suffers to-day" is James's experience. "I fought in the Boer War and re-enlisted to go up in my same regiment in the last war. I was invalided in 1916, but went back again to France and finished up in 1920.

"My disability and Service pensions put together amount to £1 per week. I have four children going to school, aged from thirteen to seven. My nerves are bad, but I work at anything when I can. I have started to do chimney sweeping, and I can do the job well, but to carry on I want a good set of tools. I could do well I am sure if I could get this lift up. We old soldiers fare the worst of anyone in the country. If we ask for a job we are told we are too old or worn out.

With the prospect of getting help for his chimney-sweeping implements, James ends up on a more cheerful note. "I may do well," he says, "if I keep smiling. I still have a soldier's heart."

In the ending of the year, what better deed could our readers perform than by sending donations earmarked "James," to give him a fresh start in the New Year?

Our General Fund also needs help to carry on, as Christmas has emptied its pockets. All donations should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

The Week's Health News

How Medical Science is at last overcoming the most frequent and troublesome everyday complaints

Origin of Asthma Established

Asthma

AUSTRALIAN BUSINESS MAN MAKES WONDERFUL DISCOVERY

Reveals true origin of Asthma and perfects New and Astonishingly Successful Treatment

THERE are probably few, if any, other conditions which show such a varied and complex causation as Asthma. Numerous theories have from time to time been advanced as to what is really the cause and origin of this dangerous affection, which, whilst seldom fatal in itself, is accompanied by a variety of serious complications, capable of causing intense suffering, imposing severe limitations upon the physical and mental activities of the victim, and of generally damaging and disrupting the balance of functional health and well-being.

THE ASTHMATIC PAROXYSM is characterised by certain definite features. Whilst the attack may develop during the daytime, it commonly commences in the very early hours of the morning, and is preceded some hours beforehand by preliminary indications sometimes termed the "Asthmatic Aura." These include restlessness, irritability, mental exaltation and sometimes severe depression, itching of nose or chin, and flatulence.

The attack itself, lasting from a few minutes to several hours, often remitting and then returning, is felt most intensively in the respiratory system. The gasping, choking, sweating and other dominant symptoms are too well known to need repetition. Suffice it to say that the patient may be extremely ill, and, unless the attack remits spontaneously or yields to treatment, death may occur. The successive attacks induce progressive emphysema, secondary bronchitis and other serious complications.

PREDISPOSING CAUSES

Heredity, climate and locality; exciting causes, such as certain chemical substances, emanations from certain animals, human hair, the scent and pollen of certain grasses and flowers, gastro-intestinal disturbance, nervous factors—such as fatigue, emotion and shock—all these have been advanced as causative factors and treatment adapted accordingly. It has, however, been left to a well-known Australian business man, himself a one-time Asthmatic Sufferer, to make a

DISCOVERY OF VITAL IMPORTANCE

i.e., that whilst the above-mentioned factors are to be correctly considered as aggravating conditions, according to individual idiosyncrasy, they are *not* the real cause of Asthma, which is not a disease, but a symptom of vasomotor instability, or Neurosis, set up by the absorption into the system of certain Toxins, the generation of which is due to an excess of carbonaceous foods.

Lengthy research upon the part of the discoverer of this striking conclusion indisputably proved that, when the correct measures are adopted, the health of the vasomotor system can be easily and completely regained, and thus, the prime cause being eliminated, the associated symptom — Asthma — completely and permanently disappears.

HOW THE NEW ASTHMA TREATMENT CAME TO THIS COUNTRY

The inventor of this entirely new method of overcoming the Scourge of Asthma, which had been so remarkably successful in Australia, was recently visiting this country. He was struck with the prevalence of the condition over here, and being acquainted with Mr. John Houben, Managing Director of the well-known firm of Manufacturing Chemists, Messrs. Hamlyn and Houben, Ltd., he fully explained his method of Treatment to him.

Mr. Houben had a number of Treatments prepared and sent to those who to his own personal knowledge were severe and chronic Asthma Sufferers. The results were so astonishing in their uniform success that Mr. Houben immediately set to work and devised a method whereby the Treatment should be available to *every* Asthmatic Sufferer. This method is clearly described in the announcement on this page, to which the attention of readers of "John Bull" is specially directed.

The Truth About Catarrh

HOW THE TROUBLE ORIGINATES AND HOW IT MAY BE CORRECTED

WHEN a Catarrhal Condition of the blood is present, the resisting powers of the body are low. A healthy body destroys the germs before they have time to multiply or do any damage. Germs that are allowed to breed in the nose and throat gradually work their way into every cavity in the head, living on the mucous membrane lining the flesh and causing it to become inflamed and to throw off its mucus, which fills the cavities and decays. It is the decayed mucus which causes the unpleasant breath so prevalent among those suffering from Catarrh. Inflamed and swollen membranes block the breathing passages, making it necessary to breathe through the mouth, which is unnatural and unhealthy. Germs find their way into the eustachian tube leading from the throat to the ear, and, when irritated, this delicate organ becomes swollen causing head noises and dullness of hearing. Mucus which falls into the throat and is swallowed whilst asleep quickly upsets the process of digestion, resulting in flatulence, heartburn and constipation. In this way is produced first Nasal Catarrh, Bronchial Catarrh, Catarrh of the Middle Ear, Gastric Catarrh and Catarrh of the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels.

Fortunately science has at last found a successful remedy which has been placed in the hands of Messrs. Hamlyn and Houben, the well-known firm of Manufacturing Chemists, for universal benefit. Their Managing Director, Mr. John Houben, in the following columns on this page, makes an offer to all readers of "John Bull" who are in the unfortunate position of suffering from this distressing ailment and they are heartily recommended to take immediate advantage of this unusual opportunity.

SPECIALIST'S CATARRH DISCOVERY

Mr. John Houben, who will gladly send Free Instant Relief and offer of Guaranteed Freedom from Catarrh to all sufferers who post the form below or call upon him at 110, Fleet St., London, E.C.

Banishes Catarrh, Head Noises and Catarrhal Deafness for Ever

FREE INSTANT RELIEF FOR READERS WHO POST FORM BELOW

Guaranteed Freedom from Coughing, Choking, Sneezing, Hay Fever, Constant Colds, & all other Catarrhal Symptoms

EIGHT years ago a London Doctor was so impressed with the unfortunate case of the chronic Catarrh sufferer that he devoted most of his time and energy to finding a remedy for this annoying, weakening, and often dangerous complaint.

He experimented with all the usual inhalants, douches and medicines, and introduced his own improvements to the great relief of his patients.

It was not, however, until he had distilled an entirely new germicide, one that was perfectly harmless, bland and pleasant, though absolutely deadly to the catarrh germ—that he knew that he was on the right track.

Complete Riddance from Catarrh

The results were astonishing. No matter where the germs lodged—in the passages of the head, throat, chest, in the stomach or intestines. Not a single "centre of infection" remained from which they could spread back again to the nose and throat.

Being unable, for reasons of Medical Etiquette, to call attention to his discovery, he has handed his formulae, with the results of his long and intensive experience of catarrh, to Mr. John Houben, with instructions to use them to bring the greatest benefit to the greatest number of sufferers.

Mr. Houben knows that Catarrh sufferers have reason to be sceptical as to loudly proclaimed "cures" for their trouble, so he has decided upon a means of convincing every interested person that this four-fold discovery is something unique and really effective.

He will send to every Reader of this paper who applies on the Form at foot:

1. **A Free Sample** of the Doctor's powerful new Distillate, which will give **Instant Relief,** even in the worst cases. He will also send:
2. Full particulars of his offer to treat everybody under a legally binding guarantee to *remedy their condition completely.* Either they are fully satisfied, or it does not cost them one penny (apart from postage).

From past experience in thousands of cases of Catarrh, Mr. Houben knows that you will be not only satisfied, but astonished and delighted with the way your Catarrh will clear away.

The Joy of Easy Breathing

You will soon experience the Joy of Easy Breathing. Those constant headaches, choking, coughing and sneezing attacks will end. You will cease catching colds. That **horrible** drip of mucus into the throat will cease. Your digestion and your general health will improv e beyond belief. Head noises will cease. Your senses of hearing, taste and smell will all benefit.

If you have Catarrh, either slight or severe, there is no reason whatever why you should not now take advantage of this offer and see for yourself, without financial risk, what this medical discovery will do for you. Send the form now.

FREE
INSTANT RELIEF FROM CATARRH

To Mr. JOHN HOUBEN (Director)
Messrs. HAMLYN & HOUBEN LTD.
Manufacturing Chemists,
110, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

Please send FREE IMMEDIATE RELIEF for my Catarrh and offer to banish the trouble.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

...../...

(Please Print Clearly in block capitals.)
I enclose 3d. in stamps for postage, etc.
John Bull, 26/12/36

NO MORE ASTHMA

Immediate Relief Sent FREE to "JOHN BULL" readers

Asthma, Bronchitis, Hay Asthma, Wheezing, Sneezing, Chest Tightness, Breathlessness, Chronic Coughs. Night Attacks, Gasping for Air BANISHED FOR EVER

FREE INSTANT RELIEF, and Guaranteed complete Remedy for SLIGHT or SERIOUS CASES

THE credit of overcoming the scourge of Asthma is due to a Specialist who first proved, amongst his patients, that his astounding discovery can be relied upon even when all else has failed. Now Mr. John Houben, the managing director of Messrs. Hamlyn & Houben, the well-known London Manufacturing Chemists, has been entrusted with the distribution of this unique Asthma remedy.

Entirely convinced of the unsurpassed value of the remedy, but well aware of the scepticism of the average Asthmatic Sufferer, Mr. Houben decided on a way to convince every interested person *free.*

GENUINE FREE TRIAL

He will send—

1. A **free trial** of this wonderful Three-Fold discovery, **guaranteed to give instant relief in even the worst cases.**
2. Full details of his explicit undertaking to permanently banish Asthma, the sufferer incurring no financial risk.

No matter where you live, your age, or occupation, or whether you have suffered a lifetime, and tried everything without permanent benefit—you should accept Mr. Houben's offer AT ONCE.

If you desire to say good-bye **for ever** to distressing and heart-weakening night attacks, wheezing and gasping for breath, interrupted sleep, and constant suffering, you simply **must** not allow past disappointment, discouragement, prejudice or lack of faith, to stop you from **forthwith** taking the first step on the road which will quickly lead you to **permanent freedom from Asthma.**

Fill in the coupon below TO-DAY and post, together with 3d. in stamps for postage and packing, to—Mr. John Houben, Ludgate House, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

FREE
NO MORE ASTHMA

Mr. John Houben, Hamlyn & Houben, Ltd., Ludgate House, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, a trial supply of your New Three-Fold Asthma Discovery, to bring me INSTANT SUBSTANTIAL RELIEF and offer to permanently banish the trouble. I enclose 3d. in stamps for postage and packing.

NAME .....
(Please write plainly.)

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....
John Bull, 26.12.36.

So many ills start in the throat. Keep the kiddies throat-happy and free from infection with Allenburys Pastilles. They love the delicious blackcurrant flavour

FROM ALL CHEMISTS 8° & 1/3

Allenburys Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

for your Throat

P4.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your system daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays inside you. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3d. and 3/-.

Take

Elasto *Regd.*

for all

CIRCULATORY TROUBLES

Accept the Free Sample offer on p. 25!

A Super Bargain For HOUSEWIVES!

A FREE ILLUSTR: BOOKLET *brings full details*

Say good-bye to the drudgery of hands and knees behind a dustpan and brush. Abolish the old-fashioned methods of carpet sweeper and replace with an effortless, thorough cleaning Hoover which can now be secured for only a few shillings down (10/-) and small monthly payments.

Write AT ONCE for special free booklet giving details of all Hoover Cleaners to Hoover, Ltd. (Dept. X.9), Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex.

Eat NUTTALL'S MINTOES & BE MERRY! 1d.

E.R.QR.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS BY PHILIP INMAN

MONEY.. LIFE..And Love

Savings, marriage, a family—these are burning problems in the lives of countless people

WHAT are the troubles that concern the majority of folk? Most of them come under the heading of your money or your life or your love. They certainly do in the case of three young men who have written to me. "To spend or not to spend?" says my first correspondent, "that is the question." His letter goes on:

I have been married a short time and we are buying our house. My wife says that for a few years we ought to go without the usual pleasures, such as summer holidays, pictures, entertaining and the like, so that we can pay off the mortgage in as short a time as possible. I disagree because I think we ought to enjoy ourselves while we can.

We are only young once, and, besides, our lives may be cut short—who knows. If we take the fifteen years (which is the agreement in force) I can pay the building society's interest and it would leave sufficient for us to enjoy ourselves. But this question has caused a break between my wife and myself and we have both agreed to ask your to act as arbitrator.

This is a very interesting problem. And it is one that must confront a great many young married folk in these days. During the last few years the majority of young couples have had to purchase their homes, and this adds a heavy responsibility to married life.

But, of course, it has its compensations. The house will eventually become their own. And when that end is achieved they have a realisable asset in case of emergency. Is it advisable to sacrifice everything to bring that about as early as possible? This young wife says "Yes." Her husband answers emphatically "No."

Let us look at the wife's point of view. She is obviously of a thrifty nature with a dislike of debt of any kind. She is also probably worried by this thought, "Supposing anything should happen to my husband—what then?"

On the other hand, there is a good deal in my correspondent's contention. The years pass quickly, and it is only right to make the best of them.

What, then, is the solution of a problem like this? There is one which I think should satisfy both sides. I have been making enquiries, and I find that a number of building societies issue a special insurance policy. Its effect is that if anything should happen to the husband and breadwinner, the mortgage is automatically paid off and the house becomes the property of the wife or next of kin.

If that does not apply in this case, then I suggest that my correspondent should take one out through an ordinary insurance office. The premium payable monthly for a young man is very small, and once he is covered a great load of worry will be taken from his wife.

The vexed question of £ s. d. is also at the root of my next problem. This young man, who is twenty-six years old, tells me:

My wife, who is the same age as myself, very much wants to have a baby. I, too, am fond of children, but I am haunted by a great fear which dates from my own childhood, when we were dogged by poverty. I don't want my wife and any children we may have to suffer like we had to do. We have a nice home, and after a spell of unemployment I am now in work again, but I am not sure how long my job will continue.

This may be a morbid and pessimistic outlook, but it is influenced by what has happened to me in the past. My wife argues that a childless home is a lonely and selfish one, and I am sure there is nothing that would make her happier than a baby to care for. But with my holding such strong views friction has arisen between us, and so we are appealing to you for your opinion.

Here again there is something to be said for both points of view. This man, because of his ingrained fear, is apprehensive of the future. He knows the terrible consequences of poverty. And naturally he does not want his wife and family to risk the hardships he endured. On the other hand, the wife is absolutely right when she talks of the emptiness of a childless home.

My correspondent is happily now in work. It is, of course, impossible to foretell the future, but the past history of this country proves one thing. Good times and bad times come in cycles. We have had our time of depression, and we can now reasonably expect a period of improving trade and more employment.

This young man should be able to save something out of his present wage. That can be put away against a rainy day. I hope that day will be a long time in coming. In any case, I feel that his wife should not be denied her greatest desire. He married her to make her happy. He loves children, too, so that in meeting her wishes he will also contribute to his own contentment.

Many of my readers write to me on matters about which they have already made up their minds. They tell me that it does them good to have their own opinions confirmed. I think my next correspondent is one of that number:

I am a widower, he tells me, thirty-four years old, with a little girl of eight. For the last four years I have been friendly with a girl who is thirteen years my junior, and we have both declared our love for one another. Now I am worrying because my salary is only fifty shillings a week, and I know that she is earning almost the same amount. I may say that I do not drink or smoke, and my only pleasure is in going to the pictures once a week.

Should I ask this girl to become my wife under these conditions—the age difference and financial position? She has told me several times that she is willing to marry me, and I am sure that we should be happy, for apart from our own feelings for each other she adores my daughter and the child in return loves her

This man has been married once before. Presumably he managed quite comfortably, for he does not tell me that he was earning more then than he is now. I take it, too, that he has told his friend everything about himself. If so, she knows how much he earns and the discrepancy in their ages.

And knowing all these things she has declared her love for him and expressed her willingness to marry him. Everything points to a happy union. He cares for her as she does for him and there is a mutual love between her and his daughter. I can see no reason why the marriage should not take place.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. Letters sent to Mr. Inman at any other address cannot be dealt with. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

AFTER THE FIRE...

NOTHING retards recovery from illness more than worry. Every doctor knows that. And that is why the authorities of a Yorkshire hospital were anxious, recently, about the plight of a patient.

Lying helpless on his sick-bed, how could he help brooding over the terrible misfortunes of the few preceding days?

It began with his house catching fire for some unexplained reason. The contents of two rooms had been involved. Both fire brigade and police had had to be in attendance, and the damage was so great that his family were driven to take lodgings elsewhere.

Then came his illness—and the cup of bitterness was really full. In the local hospital he wondered where the money was coming from to put things right.

Then came his wife to wave a cheque in front of his face—a JOHN BULL cheque in respect of the damage to their household goods By signing a coupon such as appears to-day on page 34 they had qualified for the protection of JOHN BULL'S unique free family insurance—and JOHN BULL had paid.

His first act, on leaving hospital fully recovered, was to write to us thanking us for the complete absence of formality. "It speaks volumes that you could carry out the whole business with my wife during my absence in hospital," he wrote.

It does more. It provides yet one more argument why you owe it to your family and yourself to turn to page 34 now.

Relief from Pain

within 3 minutes

After the First Dose

Sustained increasing benefit after every further dose.

RENIPAS

THE 3 MINUTE REMEDY

(Pronounced REN-E-PAR) CELEBRATED POWDER

Acts like a Miracle in cases of Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Neuralgia and all Kindred Troubles. Headache, Toothache, Earache, and other pains vanish as if by magic.

INSOMNIA ! One powder gives a full night's refreshing sleep, even though this has not been enjoyed for years.

RENIPAS is the result of seven years' scientific research by a fully qualified Doctor (M.D.), who states it

CONTAINS NO INJURIOUS DRUGS, POISON OR ANY OTHER NARCOTIC, AND

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART.

Renipas is NOT a One Drug Remedy, it is compounded of several ingredients, solid and liquid, the formula being in accordance with approved medical and scientific principles. It is similar to a physician's costly prescription, plus the chemist's charge every time made up. During nearly half a century many thousands of people have testified to the relief afforded by this wonderful remedy.

TESTIMONY

I thank you for the free sample of Renipas Powders and must say that they are wonderful. I felt the benefit of the first two powders and went the next day and got a 3/- box. I only wish I had known about them years ago. I have spent pounds and pounds for pills and tablets and for no good. They say that . . . are worth a guinea a box, I say that your powders are worth 5 guineas a box. I shall not be without them if I can help it.

W. W——, Norwich.

I've used your powders now for some years and should like you to know that I'm never without them in the house. I suffer at times, agony with Neuralgia and Rheumatism in my head, and one powder relieves it, and another, taken a few hours after, completely cures it. You can make what use you like of this letter, and am sure that anyone suffering from Neuralgia or Rheumatism only needs to try "Renipas" to prove their worth.

Mrs. L. M. E——.

FREE OFFER

Although you may consider your case hopeless yet **RENIPAS (Ren-e-par)** will not fail. Send two stamps for a **FREE PACKAGE** of **RENIPAS POWDERS**, each of which will perform a miracle for you.

Please print name and address in block letters.

Attach this **COUPON** to your letter.
J.B., 26/12/36.

Renipas

is supplied to Doctors, Nurses, Hospitals, Institutions, etc.

8 Powders, 1/3; 24, 3/-; 96, 11/-.

Order a box to-day from your Chemist and be free from pain

If any difficulty to obtain, we gladly send post free.

International Chemical Research Assn., Ltd. (Lab.7), 69, Fleet St., London

APOLOGY TO MR. KEITH WILLIAMS.

Because of being misinformed, Messrs. Seyd & Co., Ltd., Banking and Credit Agents, have made reports to the effect that Keith Williams, of Combe Royal, Kingsbridge, Devon, and of Grosvenor House, Park Lane, London, has pleaded the Gaming Acts in respect of business or other transactions. They are now satisfied that such allegations have no foundation in fact whatever and wish to state that they know of no circumstance in which Mr. Williams has not conducted his business affairs in an honourable manner. Messrs. Seyd & Co., Ltd., herewith express to Mr. Williams their most sincere and unqualified apology. As Mr. Williams is seeking no money by way of damages the above apology made in open Court is being advertised extensively by Messrs. Seyd & Co., Ltd., at their expense.

SPECIAL OFFER OF Broom's International Physical Culture Course

—for only 1/- a week!

GET full particulars of this offer by turning to page 22 and filling in the coupon for a free copy of an interesting book entitled "The International Way," which explains in detail how you can get fit and remain fit by a simple course of physical culture carried out in your home, and on the easiest of terms of only 1/- weekly! Turn to page 22 and send the coupon now, while you think of it!

A special announcement of interest to CATARRH & ASTHMA SUFFERERS

appears on page 27.

ONLY 8 DAYS MORE!

'JOHN BULL'S' GREAT XMAS GIFT OFFER!

CLOSING DEC 31st

ONLY EIGHT DAYS MORE. Your final opportunity of accepting "JOHN BULL'S" great Christmas Gift, which offer expires on December 31st. Your Gift Vouchers are below—one worth 2/9, the other 7/6—each will be accepted as CASH in part payment for "JOHN BULL'S" famous Writing Sets. There is no time to lose. Post your Voucher or Vouchers NOW, together with the Xmas Gift Coupon below.

A typical letter of appreciation

Belfast,
12.12.36.

"I acknowledge with deepest thanks receipt of your handsome Writing Set, delivered in perfect condition. For style and workmanship I have seen nothing to equal it.—R. Lindsay."

John Bull Xmas Gift Voucher VALUE 2/9

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/9 in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until 31st Dec., 1936.

No. A/59989

FREE 2/9 GIFT VOUCHER

The Gift Voucher above will be accepted as 2/9 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 5/6 Writing Set. The handsome chasing of the black vulcanite Pen, latest lever self-filling device and 14 CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, iridium tipped, all indicate the outstanding quality of this Set. The "Ever-pointed" Pencil fitted with propel, repel and expel movement, rubber, pocket clip, and extra leads, matches the pen to perfection. A handsome Presentation Case gives the finishing touch.

WRITTEN 2-YEAR GUARANTEE WITH EACH PEN.

John Bull Xmas Gift Voucher VALUE 7/6

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 7/6 in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set De Luxe. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until 31st Dec., 1936.

No. B/59989

FREE 7/6 GIFT VOUCHER

The Gift Voucher above will be accepted as 7/6 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 12/6 Writing Set De Luxe. The Pen, Pencil and Penknife are all made to match in a glossy black UNBREAKABLE MATERIAL. The Pen has TWO inlaid bands of 14-CARAT ROLLED GOLD, a lever self-filling device, "Safety" pocket clip, and 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD nib with a tip of costly iridium. The "Everpointed" pencil has an inlaid band of 14-CARAT ROLLED GOLD, a foolproof propel—repel—expel movement, "Safety" pocket clip, rubber and extra leads. The companion Penknife is fitted with two super quality Sheffield Steel Blades of mirror-polish finish. This lovely gift comes to you in a Golden Satin-lined Casket.

WRITTEN 5-YEAR GUARANTEE WITH EACH PEN.

ONE or BOTH Take your choice

"John Bull's" Christmas Gift Coupon.

To "John Bull" Pen Dept., 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/9, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. I enclose P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 3/- in all.

or

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value 7/6 which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set DE LUXE. I enclose P.O. for 5/-, plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 5/3 in all.

(1) Fine. Medium. Broad. Oblique. — Cross out grades of nib NOT required. — (2) Fine. Medium. Broad. Oblique.

If you desire BOTH SETS send the two Vouchers and a Postal Order for 8/- only.

NAME .....
FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....
.....

Write Clearly in Block Letters.

Cross Cheque or Postal Order /& Co./ and make payable to "John Bull." J.B. 26/12/36

Is it CONSTIPATION?

Are you listless, dull, "out of sorts"? Are you irritable, feverish, depressed? Do you suffer from Biliousness, Sick-headache, Indigestion, Flatulence? Is your skin spotty? Are your lips pale, your eyes dull?

Constipation has dozens of symptoms, but they are all banished by Beechams Pills—for ninety years the family remedy. To-day they are in bigger demand than ever because nothing else is so certain safe and free from all unpleasantness. They cause no habit, but train the system back to regularity. Purely vegetable.

BEECHAMS Brand PILLS

Worth a Guinea a Box

★ Every Post a Winning Post! ★

BETS by POST

WE PAY ALL POSTAGE

National Hunt Season

SAME GENEROUS TERMS all the YEAR

FIRST FAVOURITES ACCEPTED

SINGLES, DOUBLES & TREBLES

NO LIMIT

up to ANY AMOUNT

40 YEARS REPUTATION for WINNINGS & RETURN

Send for the SPORTSMAN'S COMPLETE SERVICE RACING FOOTBALL GREYHOUNDS

LETTER COMMISSIONS

bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race will be on at

FULL STARTING PRICE

or Totalisator Returns as desired

In accordance with rules.

Registered Letters must be posted overnight.

Send Your Bets to the Big Two

Please send me particulars of your service. I am over 21 years of age.

Name .....

J B 26 12 36

Address .....

Town .....

County.....

The Big Two

DAVID COPE & ALFRED B. MARCH LTD

227 BATH ST GLASGOW C.2

Send for our Weekly Lists

• FROM OUR READERS

AS a dispenser of panel prescriptions, I see daily the unfairness of the common charge made against panel doctors that they alone are responsible for providing their patients with insufficient and poor quality medicines.

The truth is that most doctors are so bullied by Government officers on the quest for economy that they dare not prescribe full treatment. Quantities of medicine are as minute as possible and tablets are often ordered in place of mixtures to cut down dispensing fees.

The majority of prescriptions are, indeed, so poor and so much is deducted for various fees, that a pharmacist finds it is hardly worth while to carry on a panel dispensing business.—L. D. T., Richmond, Sheffield, 9.

The official cry that panel doctors prescribe drugs of too high quality and too lavishly is notoriously false.

From The Horse's Mouth

I AM angry when I hear elderly people decrying "decadent youth."

I am a very boring old invalid, dependant on two grown-up children. Their first aim is to see I want for nothing. They fill the house with young people as kind and generous as themselves. They take—or cleverly pretend to take—pleasure in sitting with me to talk or read and in taking me out in my bath-chair.

In every way youngsters are better to-day than in my youth—certainly more intelligent, self-reliant and tolerant.—H. HEATH, Mount Road, Gorton, Manchester.

Affidavit well and truly sworn.

Seen and Copied

WHEN I had to chide a small boy for expectorating, I found he had acquired the habit after seeing an American film in which two sailors were shown teaching the practice to a girl.

And in church last Sunday I heard a boy remark to his mother when they entered, "We're not late, they're only playing the signature tune." He referred to the voluntary.

The influence of radio and films on children must be immense.—R. HASWELL, Model Street, Seaham, County Durham.

But mainly beneficial.

Up-To-Date

POSSESSING good references and a sound knowledge of my job, I regarded my forthcoming interview with a prospective employer with high hopes of success.

Unfortunately he proved to be, as he called himself, an up-to-date employer. He did not want to know where I had worked previously; he pushed away my testimonials.

I was put through a psychology test. He made me count the number of times the letter "R" appeared in a newspaper paragraph, and asked me to state what was wrong with a silly sentence which he wrote out.

I failed.—HUBERT MARSTON, New Road, Peterborough.

As employer pays the piper, he can call his own tune.

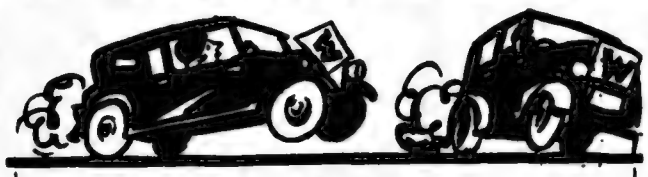
Table D'Hote

SPENDING my Christmas holiday at this hotel, I have found that hotel workers have a language of their own.

Waiters are known as "flunks," chefs as "doughboys," and chambermaids as "cat warmers." The manager is "the Admiral," bell-boys are "hops," porters "slammers," and a commissionaire is a "grand slam."

"Bite and waker" is rolls and coffee, and a "grand-hopper" is a big dinner party. A "citizen" is a good tipper, a "mangy" a poor one. An "opening" means dismissal.—R. L. B. WOODWORTH, Gloucester.

And "sunrise" is a dish of eggs and bacon.



What Say You?

JUST as learners have to display a special sign, it should be made compulsory for motor cars driven by women to carry a large letter "W." Other road users would then feel immensely safer.

Until women cease to use their traditional prerogative of changing their minds, at least while in charge of cars, they will never make efficient or anything but dangerous drivers.

Observing "W" on a car, drivers behind would know to ignore the first signal and wait for the change of mind.—BERNARD BAXTER, *Hertford Road, Brighton.*

In proportion to their number, women drivers are involved in far fewer accidents than men.—Official.

Designers Say "No"

MANY road accidents at this season are the result of skids owing to frost when cars are braked on down grades or on sharp corners.

From long experience as a road worker, I know the difficulty of keeping highways sanded where there is fast-moving traffic.

There would be complete safety for road-users if all cars were fitted with sand-boxes which could be opened automatically with the application of the brakes.—JAMES REILLY, Limpet Hill, Kippen, Stirlingshire.

Numerous similar suggestions are made by readers. They seem impracticable because of the quantity of sand which would have to be carried.

Stupidity

OWING to the atmosphere of a crowded 'bus in which I was travelling to-day, a woman in the seat in front of me became faint.

When the driver was told, he produced a bottle of sal volatile from his first-aid box and told the woman to drink some.

I was able to snatch it from her in time and explained that the proper dose of this stimulant is about fifteen drops in half a wineglass of water, and that if taken raw the consequences could be serious or fatal.—TOBIAS, Glyn Ceiriog, Wrexham.

The law now compels a first-aid outfit to be carried on every public transport vehicle, but, strangely, does not insist on the driver or conductor having training in the use of the contents.

Answered

PLEASE, JOHN BULL, settle an argument and end a war going on here.

Is it true that long ago a James Austin won a wager that he would cook a Christmas pudding in the Thames?

He is said to have put the pudding in a tin pan which he placed in a bag of quicklime. The bag was lowered into the river and the water slaked the lime, which gave out enough heat to cook the "duff" in three hours, when it was eaten.—R. V. HERBERT, Merchants Street, Broadmead, Bristol.

Yes; in 1700. But men in the building trades still warm their midday meals—stews, pies and puddings—in this manner to-day.

Domestic Economy

LAST night I visited a recently married friend, whose wife came in from shopping during our chat.

She emptied from her basket, with a display of pride, a dozen eggs, a pound of raisins, a pound of currants, a bottle of lemon essence, a tin of ground cinnamon, and packets of special sugar, flour and suet.

"What's that lot for?" my friend asked.

"I've got a stale loaf," she replied, "so I thought we'll have bread pudding. Mustn't waste anything."—E. H. MILLINGTON, Dunriding Lane, St. Helens, Lancs.

Thousands of years ago a Chinese found he could roast pig by burning down his house.

Moral Relic

THE children at a local school have been given a Christmas holiday task to write essays demonstrating that "honesty is the best policy."

It is astounding that teachers should still cultivate this notion. Honesty is not a matter of policy at all. Kiddies should be taught honesty for its own sake, not because they may profit from it. Virtue is its own reward.—H. TUPNEY, Belmont Hill, Lewisham, S.E.13.

Several North of England directors of education forbid the use of copy-books containing this adage.

Think Again, Barbara!

I DARE you to print this.

JOHN BULL'S criticisms of chain letters and other "snowball" schemes run for profit are unfair and unjust.

These mutual benefit devices carried on through the post for persuading each recipient to contribute in turn are a certain way of making money.

Everyone would profit if it were not for JOHN BULL discouraging people to participate and thus breaking the chains.—BARBARA FORREST, Lilac Neuk, Keith.

Dared and done. They're swindles.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Early Odds

GRAND NATIONAL entries are due in the first week of January and once they have been broadcast many a young racing man's fancy will turn to thoughts of the spring double.

Already the big advertising bookmakers are quoting on the Lincolnshire Handicap and the big 'chase.

In my list for the National, Reynoldstown and Golden Miller are co-favourites at 12 to 1.

Lincoln odds are 33 to 1 the field bar Laureat II, who is on offer at 25 to 1.

In the meantime we have for consideration the Manchester "Victory" races—top-notch events inaugurated after the Great War.

The 'chase is worth £500 and has attracted the best two-milers in training. If Jackal can beat Argental he should win.

Icicle Joe remains the selection for the hurdle race.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code covers racing from Thursday, December 24, to Wednesday, December 30.

K X U Z R 98 96 G E D V B N H J T

S O Y 97 L W F 94 M P Q C I 93 95 A

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: 93NPTR94X would read HIDALGO. Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted. KTE2U would read SAMMY.

Write to John Bull About It—

We invite readers to write to us about any subject of public interest, keeping us in touch with the world as they see it.

Letters should be as brief, forceful and topical as may be.

Half a guinea will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Bag," should be addressed to "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

The Easiest Way to get the Best Value.

LOOK around the house, in the kitchen and bathroom and see what a large number of brand names you recognise. You may have made their acquaintance recently or you have bought them regularly. They are all vouched for by responsible firms and the fact that they are advertised is in itself an indication—even an assurance—that their standards of quality are strictly maintained.

Many lifelong friends were first introduced by advertisements. Some of them are household names. They are known and trusted. Their offers are superlatively good enough to call the attention of millions of people, day after day, week after week, and year after year, to the knowledge of these goods and the value they offer.

Advertisements keep us well informed. At some time or other our attention has been drawn to a phrase, a slogan, a picture of the goods, and you, demanding the necessities and even luxuries of life, have considered and compared some of these values, and subsequently decided on the particular product that has best fit your judgment and purse.

A manufacturer brands his products with a distinguishing name and advertises and sells them under that name because he has unlimited confidence in his goods. With his eyes open he is making it easy for any dissatisfied purchaser to avoid buying his particular make of article a second time, and it is on "repeat orders" that profits are made! It would be sheer commercial insanity to brand and advertise goods that nobody would buy twice.

Only reliable firms are allowed to advertise in JOHN BULL, and readers, therefore, need never hesitate to respond to them, for they are all of proved value. It will pay you to read the advertisements in JOHN BULL every week, and to take advantage of the offers made. It will be the easiest way to get the best value.

Of vital importance is the particular care taken to ensure that no reader suffers any loss or disappointment through any of the goods purchased from advertisements in JOHN BULL — that is why the *"John Bull" Guarantee* appears in every issue. Your safeguard! Here it is ☞

Mrs. RODGERS' 'RHEUMATISM' WAS DUE TO HER

Nerve Trouble

If YOU are being tormented by Pain... bereft of Strength by Weakness and Debility... Shaky and lacking Confidence... Depressed by continual Indigestion and a prey to vague aches all over your body, then learn a lesson from the case of Mrs. Rodgers! Do not waste your life and money in buying 'this and that'... do not prolong your suffering by refusing the aid of one of the greatest successes of Medical Science! Begin AT ONCE to take Dr. Cassells Tablets and so get right down to the real CAUSE of an enormous amount of suffering... the NERVES!

YOUR NERVES CONTROL YOUR LIFE

Your Nerves are the controllers of your life and health. All pain you feel is conveyed by your NERVES! Digestion, Working Power, Strength, Sleep—ALL are made possible by your NERVES! Dr. Cassells Tablets are achieving marvels of Health Restoration in all parts of the country. They act directly upon the Nervous System and so get at the CAUSE of

HEADACHES
BACKACHE
SLEEPLESSNESS
NEURALGIA
INDIGESTION
NERVOUS BREAKDOWN
NEURITIS
SCIATICA

"Cases From My Note book"
No. 9031
"THESE PAINS SEEM TO BE ALL OVER MY BODY!"
Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS CURED MY INDIGESTION WHY DON'T YOU GO AND SEE.....?
"THE PAIN IS MOSTLY IN MY ARM."
"MRS. RODGERS, THAT PAIN IS CAUSED BY YOUR BRACHIAL NERVE. YOU HAVE NEURITIS, WHICH MEANS NERVE INFLAMMATION THE OTHER PAINS ARE WHAT I CALL SYMPATHETIC PAINS - BECAUSE YOUR OTHER NERVES ARE ACHING IN SYMPATHY WITH YOUR BRACHIAL NERVE. ONLY SCIENTIFIC NERVE TREATMENT CAN STOP THOSE PAINS. TAKE THESE TABLETS."
THE BRACHIAL NERVE IS THE GREAT NERVE BRANCH RUNNING INSIDE THE ARM AS SHOWN ABOVE.
"I FEEL A NEW WOMAN THANKS TO Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS."

FAIR-PLAY OFFER!

Get a 1/3d. Bottle. If you are not satisfied with the results return the empty Carton to us and we will refund the purchase price in full! Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, 16

All Chemists **6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-**

Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS

The Nerve Tonic that gets at the CAUSE of your Trouble

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

USE YOUR XMAS LEISURE . . .

to win a Fine Prize and Bonus

"JOHN BULL'S" BIGGER NEW X-WORD PENSION & FORTUNE

£6 MONTHLY FOR LIFE and £600

or one huge lump sum of £850 cash

£100 *between all Runners-up*

BONUS AWARD *of a Giant* **NEW YEAR HAMPER** *added to each Prize of £1 or over in this contest*

BONUS AWARD *value* **£2**

40-week X-word Season Ticket to every Runner-up from whom we receive two 6d entries in same envelope

45

TERMS AND CONDITIONS

PRESENTED on this page is the forty-fifth of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

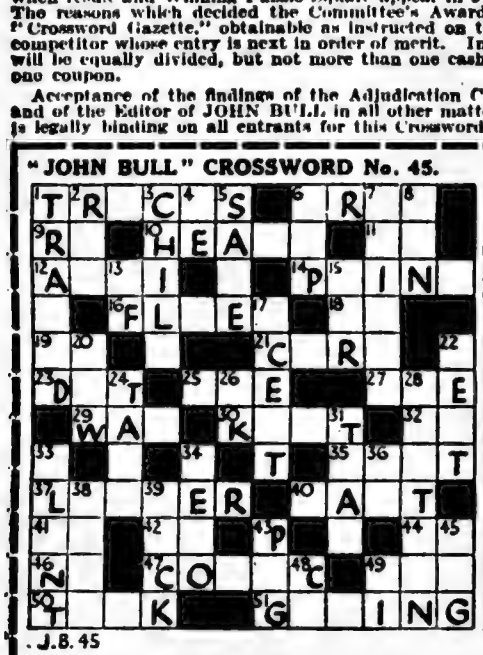
Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one entry square has completed the Puzzle, and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the Winning Puzzle Square.

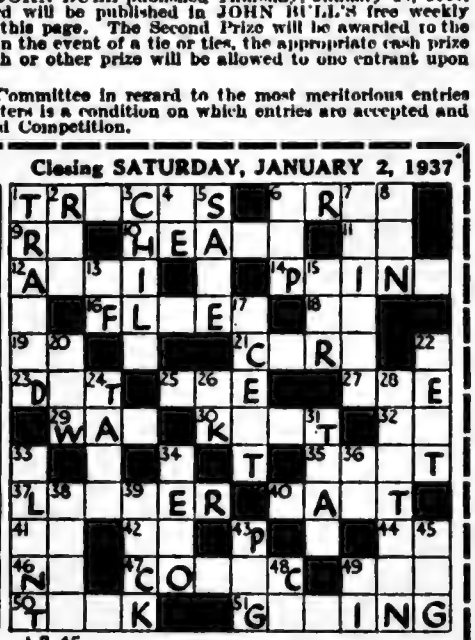
If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and Winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, January 14, 1937. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," obtainable as instructed on this page. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash or other prize will be allowed to one entrant upon one coupon.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 45. Closing SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1937



J.B. 45



J.B. 45

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. value .....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 45. Closing SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1937

J.B. 45

J.B. 45

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. value .....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD NO. 45, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Saturday, January 2.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny Entry Forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" or other announcement of this Competition. Each entrant may also submit four such Entry Forms from last week's announcements of this Two Weeks' Contest.

Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry Square will be regarded as Entrant's intended letter for both Entry Squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter-square, Entry Square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, January 14. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, January 19, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prizes. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both across and down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should the first prize be shared, £850 cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-One Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

GET THIS FREE HELP

In addition to valuable 'Reasons Why' guidance, the 'Crossword Gazette' provides entry squares on fine paper, all the Crossword news and other constructive aid—entirely free! Secure your weekly supply by enclosing with your Crossword entry the Reservation Form on page 35. Every reader now receives a free Entry Envelope weekly.

CLUES ACROSS

1. For which special cycles are generally used by professional riders
8. Weapons
9. Bit of fruit in syrup
10. These of cauliflowers are often seen in greengrocer's window
11. Part of gaol in Bilbao
12. Prefix indicating opposition
14. Of which proud house-owner often uses a lot to keep home nice
16. These become more dangerous when the weather turns warm
18. How illness begins
19. In debt and feeble
21. Patient usually expects this when he goes to hospital
23. Baby or small round mark
25. In war-time spy expects to have to do this if caught
27. Indicates maiden name, in need
29. Interfering people often find themselves in this
30. If you do this badly, tie will be raised
32. Common to seal and whale
35. Repose
37. Froth of soap and water
40. How the metal parts for modern motor cars are produced
41. Donkey without tail
42. Last half of year
44. Conclusion of feed
46. How night starts in Tunis
47. Describes shape of traditional clown's hat
49. Professional, in short
50. This of public speaker is made easier by microphones
51. Famous actresses expect to find people doing this at first night show

CLUES DOWN

1. Stolen goods are usually this to a fence
2. Hasten on foot
3. Sad one often gives you cold shivers
4. Both ends of knife
5. Will come in handy for some meats
6. Snake that's part of clasp
7. Young unmarried girl
8. Male child
13. Both ends of tart
15. We breathe this
17. And we smell this
20. Fore part of ship
22. What hailstones do on some roofs
24. Plenty of this is needed to satisfy youngster
26. Sheik always ends thus
28. Oriental
31. It may need careful handling to get this through crowd
33. Something that's not quite on the level
34. Means nothing to some people in Britain
36. Centre part of fresco
38. Great Eastern continent
39. Horse hired for riding
43. Is pork when dead
45. Terrier is one
48. Stop half way through camp
49. First two slices of pie

COPY SQUARES

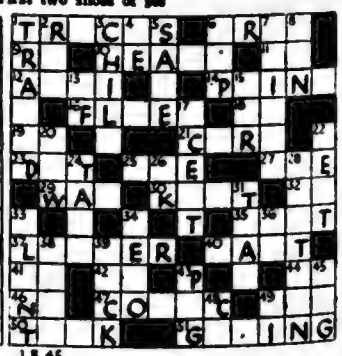
These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions, and are not accepted as entries.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

NEWS-AGENTS' PRIZE

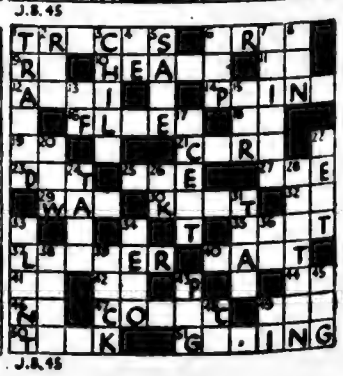
A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this competition's First Prize winner usually purchases his copy of "JOHN BULL." Should the First Prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

J.B. 45



J.B. 45

J.B. 45



J.B. 45

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

VERA (Manchester).—"I am getting on very slowly with my fiancé." Can't you make up his mind to propose?

LABOURER (Halstead).—"Life on the farm has left its mark on me." Landmark?

HEADMASTER (Birmingham).—"I now often use a gramophone for teaching geography." World records?

ALOY (Kensington).—"I represent a most important part of our family tree." The sap?

W. P. (Preston).—"I understand that most waits play by ear." And very often too much by ours.

WORKER (Islington).—"The best way to do a job is to take off your coat and slip into it." How about concrete-mixing?

P. A. T. (Antrim).—"The trouble with a bandit is that he doesn't stop to think." It's the other people's brain he cudgels.

C. H. (Bath).—"Bailiffs need plenty of pluck and grit." They must have the courage of their evictions!

MR. T. (Hampstead).—"I have just returned from shooting big game." See letter below.

MRS. T. (Hampstead).—"My husband is a movie cameraman, and has been busy at the Zoo all day." See letter above.

JAS. T. (Shoreditch).—"I pity the person whose business is at other people's finger-ends." Manicurists don't seem to worry.

J. C. B. (Streatham).—"When a young man, my wife's family was continually egging me on to marry her." And now you're groaning under the yoke.

N. M. S. (Putney).—"Nearly every periodical one reads nowadays contains a reference to dessert." Well, it's a fruitful topic.

E. M. H. (Morden).—"Have you ever stopped to consider what we owe to the modern marvel of electricity?" Yes, every time we pass the meter.

F. D. (Barnet).—"It is best to eat Christmas pudding when it is dark." Then nobody can see what method is used to dispose of it.

V. K. (Chelsea).—"The call of the wild seems to be a thing of the past." You wouldn't think so if you played bridge with the dyspeptic colonel at our club.

D. G. (Battersea).—"What do you think the doctor said when I went to see him about my last attack of lumbago?" Back again?

V. V. (Brixton).—"A fellow in our boarding house won't eat anything but the rind of the bacon." A bit of an outsider, evidently.

ENTERTAINER (Elstree).—"I have had to cut off my balancing trick owing to irregular time for practice." You couldn't keep it up?

P. N. T. (Edgleigh).—"My neighbour and I have quarrelled over the fence, so now we don't speak to each other." It has come between you.

L. D. (Portsmouth).—"The attitude of the police towards motorists is ridiculous. I have decided that in future I shall absolutely ignore the signs." Fine!

TENOR (Balham).—"My singing master says I should go far if I practise." Your neighbours have written to say the same thing.

MRS. K. (Carlisle).—"I wasn't a bit envious or thrilled when my sister-in-law showed me her new fur coat." It just left you cold.

SCEPTIC (Dundee).—"I didn't believe what the salesman told me about a lotion which he said would improve my sight after one application." Just eyewash.

BRUISED (Barrow).—"I didn't realise that the cellar steps needed repairing until they gave way beneath me." Then you tumbled to it.

KINEMAGOER (Essex).—"After waiting in a queue for an hour and a quarter I was shown into a seat of which the springs were broken." You shouldn't have stood for that.

FATHER (Birmingham).—"My little boy kicked his football over the wall, but as my neighbour was so upset about it I did not insist upon its immediate return." You waited for it to blow over?

BEE-KEEPER (Devon).—"To make money at this job one has to be very careful otherwise one's balance-sheet is just as likely to show a loss as a profit." Your business evidently is not all honey.

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope marked "Free Advice" is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

"It's a letter from some debt collectors. They say if I don't pay twelve shillings to my tailor they are going to send round to collect it."
(From "The Passing Show.")

WRITER (Chelsea).—"The approach of Christmas always calls to mind a well-known character of fiction." Raffles?

STATIONER (Rochester).—"From a selling viewpoint, the 1936 calendar is dead." Its days are numbered, anyway.

B. S. (Cardiff).—"My tenth business venture is that of a fish merchant." Something fresh, eh?

A. E. (Lowestoft).—"Later it was discovered that I hadn't put the putty round the window properly." It came out then.

WRITER (Welwyn).—"I'm calling at your office to wax enthusiastic over literature." You will be carried away.

MARTHA (Grimsby).—"I married a sea-captain who was a widower." You are now his second mate?

POETIC (Hull).—"From now on I intend to write my letters to you in rhyme." You're going from bad to verse!

ANGLER (Pagham).—"You can't fish properly with cheap tackle." Spare the rod and spoil the angler.

BEAUTY EXPERT (Mayfair).—"Smoking affects the complexion." Especially that of beginners.

P. D. (Chelmsford).—"I have constructed a hat entirely of matches." It should have a striking appearance.

J. M. (Huddersfield).—"By trade I'm a telegraphist, but breed dogs as a side-line." Wire-haired terriers?

STATISTICIAN (Sidcup).—"Seven times as many accidents occur during the period of artificial lighting as during daylight. Why?" It is difficult to see.

PUNTER (London, W.).—"When I realised what I had backed the horse for, it made me quite hot." But you couldn't take anything off.

TRAM CONDUCTOR (Kennington).—"The other day a manager of a football team boarded my car . . ." And asked for a transfer?

R. H. (Baldock).—"Even now it is not really known how noise travels from transmitter to reproducing unit." It's all in the air.

SIXTY-YEAR-OLD (Belfast).—"I have been having an argument with my sister who says that bustles first appeared in 1890, but I am sure they appeared before." Bustles have never been worn before!

J. C. (Watford.)—"Mistletoe was first discovered in the Dark Ages." And ever since it has been found in dark corners.

YOUNG SOLDIER (Aldershot).—"I'll never forget my first riding lesson." You were a raw recruit?

STUMPY (Sidcup).—"Is it really possible for a man to get shorter?" Certainly, especially just after quarter day.

PENSIONER (St. Austell).—"I'm thankful to have something to retire on." We're glad to have a bed to go to also.

C. K. (Acton).—"There is much too much coughing in the theatres nowadays. This may be because the air is too dry." Or the plays.

MRS. J. (Swindon).—"Can you tell me a good card game for Christmas involving use of the memory?" Trying to remember who sent you which last year.

TED (Nairn).—"The Parliamentary recess at Christmas should be abolished." Such a move would certainly lend a new life to the spirit of pantomime at this time of the year.

BOARDER (Bournemouth).—"My fellow lodger played the piano until late at night, so I got a tuning fork and detuned the instrument." You certainly queered his pitch.

V. B. (Walsall).—"The man who sticks to his own opinions regardless of what other people think or say is about one in fifty thousand." But some football crowds are smaller than that.

H. M. (Bristol).—"By the time the family has finished with my copy of JOHN BULL, there's not much left of it." They may rob you of a Fortune and Pension unless you rescue those coupons on pages 32 and 35.

MOTHER (Dorchester).—"All my sons and daughters always come home for their Christmas dinner, and when I look around the table at them afterwards my feelings almost overcome me." While they, too, are too full for words.

GRANDFER (Marlow).—"When I was a child we used to write notes to Santa Claus and put them on the fire, but what do the children do in these days of electric radiators?" They probably send him a wire.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

WOOLWICH GAZETTE AND PLUMSTEAD NEWS:—". . . often the only meal they had was from the old SOAP kitchen in ——schoolrooms."

SUNDERLAND ECHO:—"In these . . . are radio research experts studying short waves in an effort to establish communication with Mars and other PLANTS."

EVENING CHRONICLE, Fleetwood:—". . . their fishing-boat had drifted on to a SANDBAG when the net fouled her propeller."

GREENOCK TELEGRAPH:—". . . the PINNACLE in which they were cruising was blown on to the breakwater."

WHITEHAVEN NEWS:—"SEALING a bottle of milk to appease his thirst."

THE ORKNEY HERALD:—"Dress—dark clothes. Overcoats will be worn with decorations."

These SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTIONS *Give Prompt Relief*

They will save you doctors' bills. Keep them in your medicine chest. Order them NOW!

FRAZZLED NERVES
"Vitality in a Nut."

Here is a nut which makes a real man or woman of you in a few hours; frazzled nerves full of vim; gloomy thoughts gone, faith strengthened, hope renewed before nightfall, life worth living to-morrow. It is the Doctor's Best Tonic for heart, nerves, stomach and kidneys—it prevents palpitation, faintness, heart failure, tremblings, run-down condition, stops your failing-to-pieces feeling. Don't imagine yourself into an illness, have a good rest, take this tonic and be normal in a few days. Ask for **"Blue Lion Fez Nuts."** Shadforth Prescription No. 632. Prices 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,
(Dept. J.B.X), 40, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

Descriptive Book (J.B.299) price 2d. post free

Reduce YOUR High BLOOD PRESSURE

Rejuvenate YOUR Arteries. Strengthen YOUR Heart. COME OFF the Danger List.

Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns! Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration, and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. **Get it NOW.** **(Prescription No. 1166 T)** Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 15/6.

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,
(Dept. J.B.X), 40, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

"How to Prevent Blood Pressure" (Book No. J.B.342) price 2d. post free.

NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS

Quick Relief and Comfort.

Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Incontinence, Constipation, Gall Stones, with associated Gout, Sciatica, Gravel, Scalding and constant getting up at nights are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of the **Shadforth "Bladder Comforter."** Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly, and without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour of employment, they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They move what is harmful. You are restored. Don't worry. Shadforth will give you prompt relief.

Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 285.
Prices: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (300).

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,
(Dept. J.B.X), 40, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

The Special Shadforth Book on Kidney and Bladder Troubles (No. J.B.326) price 2d. post free.

LIVER TROUBLES

CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE.

PERIODICAL bilious attacks, constipation, sick headache and bowel indigestion indicate a sluggish liver, and for this nothing equals this pill. Take it with each meal and you will soon be better. This is a useful formula to keep in the house for family use. Get it now, and prove its worth. It is known as **Shadforth Prescription (No. 2,000).**

Prices: 9d. (36), 1/3 (100), 3/- (300 pills).

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,
(Dept. J.B.X), 40, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

Booklet (J.B.222) price 2d. post free.

Further well-known SHADFORTH Prescriptions prescribed and used at this season of the year:—

"WHITE LIONS" or Stomach Tablets (No. 1077) cure Acidity, Gastritis, Stomach Pains and Digestive Disorders. Prices: 1/6 (72), 2/6 (144).

"SHADPHOS" or Neurasthenia Tablets (No. 470), the mighty modern tonic for brain and nerves. Prices: 1/9 (25), 3/3 (50), 6/- (100).

Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites and the best chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order, or YOU CAN OBTAIN PRIVATELY PACKED AND POST FREE AT THESE PRICES FROM:—

SHADFORTH
PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, LTD.,
Dispensing Chemists,
(Dept. J.B.X), 40, KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

"The Greatest of These..."

"JOHN BULL" is the recognised champion of the underdog, but there are times when "words without works" are not enough.

Many a good man has gone under for lack of a little practical help to tide him over a sudden spell of bad luck.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund is administered by "John Bull" on behalf of readers who desire to help genuine cases of hardship and suffering among ex-Servicemen and their dependents which are brought to the notice of this paper.

It is our proud boast that "John Bull" bears every penny of the Fund's working expenses out of its own pocket.

Christmas is the season of happiness and good will—but there are many who will be lacking even the price of a meal.

Will you give them a helping hand? On page 26 you will find a typical example of the many needy cases deserving your sympathy.

THE FUND NEEDS YOUR HELP. In order that every man, woman and child can join in this great effort we invite you to complete the form below. Affix an unused 1½d. stamp (or a stamp of greater value, if you can), enclose it in a sealed envelope and send it to "John Bull," Dept. X, "Greatest of These," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

CUT HERE

"John Bull" 'Greatest of These Fund' Xmas Appeal Form

To The Treasurer, "Greatest of These Fund,"
"John Bull," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

I would like to help "The Greatest of These Fund," and have affixed my contribution to this form.

Please Write Clearly

Name .....
Full Postal
Address .....
.....
.....

Affix an unused stamp value 1½d. or more to this space by one corner only.

"John Bull," 26/12/36

IMPORTANT NOTICE

to our Readers

★

LOOK out next week for an announcement of the greatest interest and importance to all "John Bull" readers—an announcement that will vitally affect your daily life through the next year. Full particulars will be published of "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift for 1937—representing a unique and practical Gift of Security—unparalleled protection for you, your family and your home.

Present registered readers will be automatically qualified for the Benefits for 1937 without the necessity for re-registration unless they have changed their address or newsagent.

On no account miss next week's issue of "John Bull" containing our momentous message to you.

They're Off

ROUND THE WORLD *on four* WORDS!

Studying the route of their Honeymoon Cruise

SAILING from Liverpool on Christmas Eve, the stately s.s. *Franconia* will set out on a 40,000-mile luxury cruise, encircling the globe and returning in June next year.

Amongst her passengers, reports a JOHN BULL man, will be the happy honeymoon couple whom you see with me above, following out upon a miniature globe the route of their wonderful voyage.

Mr. Hugh Smith, thirty-one-year-old salesman, is the second "Bulleteer" to set out with his wife on a World Cruise provided by JOHN BULL. And with his prize of high adventure, won in our 1,035th *Bullets* Contest, there went a fortune of £1,000 and a solid Life Pension of £6 Weekly.

Last July found Mr. Smith living with his parents at 28, Eltham Road, Lee. Hard at work as a commercial traveller for a City rubber firm, he was also busy with preparations for his marriage to charming, dark-haired Miss Winnie Kirk. Little time was left for his favourite hobby of *Bullets*: in fact his World Cruise effort was nearly not entered!

"I had scribbled my First Prize *Bullet* on a loose piece of paper," Mr. Smith told me when I called to congratulate him, "but I had not written it on a coupon. On the day before Closing Date my work plans were changed and the sales manager sent me to Deptford. This enabled me to get home for lunch, complete the coupon and post it."

Then, nine days before his wedding-day, a "Greetings" Joy Wire arrived from JOHN BULL, telling him that with that single coupon, posted only just in time, he had carried off *Bullets'* mighty World Cruise First Prize. His £1,000 cheque arrived before the wedding too and his £6 Saturday payments commenced at once.

Doubly happy in their new-found financial security, the young couple were married at St. Barnabas' Church, Eltham. After a carefree honeymoon in the West Country, Mr. and Mrs. Smith settled down for a time at "Westbrook," Westbrook Road, Blackheath. Now they are off on a second honeymoon, the finest which could be imagined, before settling down in a new house in Kent.

A vivid impression of the wonders in store for him on his World Cruise was given to Mr. Smith through a visit to Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Turner, 6, Fairview Road, Woodthorpe, Nottingham. As part of *Bullets* 942nd First Prize, Mrs. Turner with her husband and son, Norman, enjoyed a 29,650-mile World Cruise in 1935.

"A year has elapsed since we steamed up Southampton Water on our return," were Mr. Turner's words to JOHN BULL. "But barely a waking hour has passed without some fragrant memory coming unbidden to colour the monotony of our ordinary daily life."

○ ○ ○

In wishing Mr. and Mrs. Smith five months of thrilling happiness on their Wonder Cruise, we may add, we know, the good wishes of all the *Bullets* family, who look forward to reading of their adventures in these pages.

With the continuing support of competitors in 1937, another Giant World Cruise Offer will be possible in the coming months. Meanwhile, see that you do not miss your present big opportunity of winning that £500 fortune and New Year Pension which is now waiting for a good *Bullet*.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1054.

First Prize, £2 weekly for Life and £1,500—or 2,000 Gns. Cash:
L. H. MOGRIDGE, 56, St. Bernard's Road, Shirehampton, Bristol.
Example: EPITAPH I'D LIKE
Bullet: "MISSED GREATNESS—GREATLY MISSED."

SECOND PRIZE, £100:

E. J. BOULTON, 5, Barratt Avenue, Wood Green, London, N.
Example: Getting The Plums
Bullet: Warmongers, As Cities "Shake."

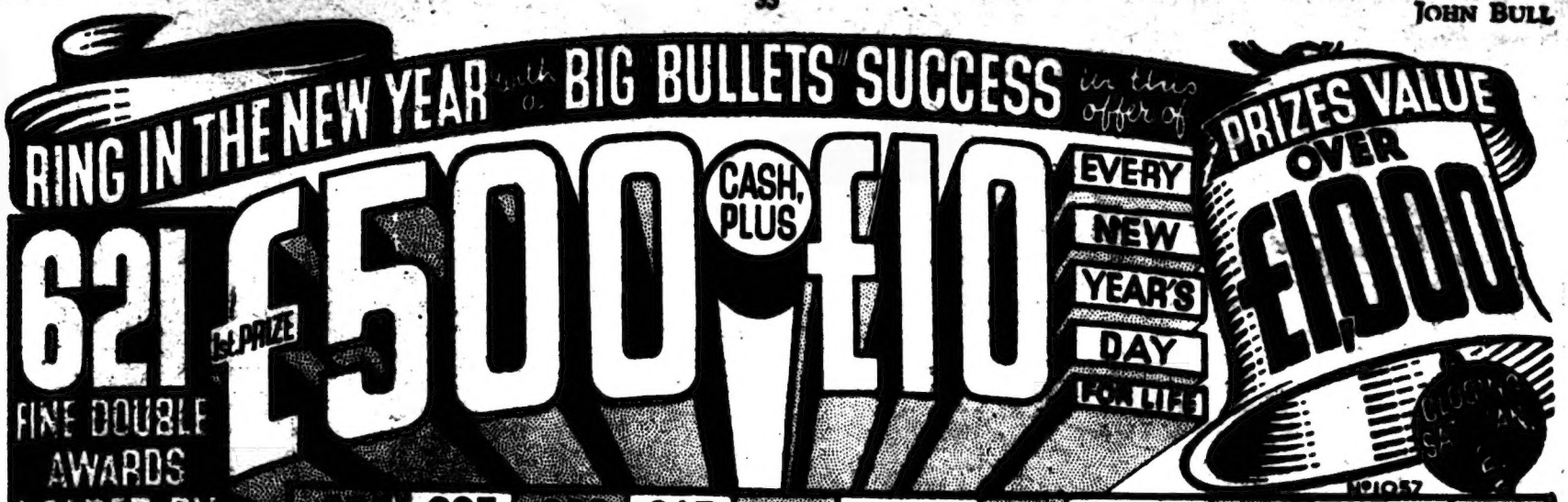
THIRD PRIZE, £50:

T. S. FEAKINS, 31, Hambrough Road, Southall, Middlesex.
Example: To Celebrate Xmas
Bullet: "Clubs" Drawn—"Daggers" Sheathed.

OTHER PRIZES:

£40: J. FINDLAY, 264, Dumbarton Road, Partick, Glasgow.
Man's Journey
Through Wilderness, Through Wilfulness.
£30: W. OVINGTON, 90, King Street, Southport.
Seek Peace And
Hide Nothing About War!
£20: W. B. COURTNEY, 12, Norbury Court Road, Norbury, S.W.
Concert Of Europe
Like Cats'—Steady, Bulldog!
£19: J. J. JORDAN (Staff), B.M. Hospital, Stone, Aylesbury, Bucks.
Shock For Mars — Stand *Together* And Deliver!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
£18: E. C. WEBB, 228, Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E.
Patience Is A Virtue, But—*Impatience* Made Pedestrian "Angel."
£17: Mrs. A. I. ALLEN, 754, Holloway Road, London, N.
To Celebrate Xmas—Let's *Bottle* "*Splits*."
£16: Mrs. H. B. BROWNE, "Dompierre," Gower Road, Sketty, Swansea.
Reunited—Family—Christmas, "Something Apart."
£15: R. W. RICHARDS, 23, Bexley Road, Erith, Kent.
Getting The Plums—"Pulling Out" Something Extra.
£14: F. SUTTON, The Elms, Rowston, Lincoln.
Mob Rule — "Enthrones" Mother Under Mistletoe.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
£13: A. OXFORD, 41a, High Street, West Wickham, Kent.
Waits—Crowning It, Crooning It!
£12: R. M. PROWSE, 52, Claybrook Road, Fulham.
Grandma Geneva—"Baby," In Dictator's Hands.
£11: C. T. RODGERS, 11, Northfold Road, Leicester.
Britannia's Shield—Many "Battered" Homes Protecting.
£10: H. A. BEST, 14, Thesiger Street, Grimsby.
Feeling Festive—Sonny, *Until* Like Balloon.
£9 10s.: Mrs. N. M. HALSTEAD, 8, Ruthrieton Terrace, Aberdeen.
"Can You Beat That?"—Gasps Roadhog. Reading Atrocities!
£9: G. R. JOBLING, Plashetts, Northumberland.
Britannia's Shield—And Our "Fire-screen," Dad!
£8 10s.: Mrs. A. PHILBURN, 40, Haigh Street, Pellon Lane, Halifax.
Patience Is A Virtue, But—Patient Taxpayer's Virtually Butt.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
£8: J. G. WENT, 58, Nottingham Road, Derby.
To Celebrate Xmas—Father Reveals "Hidden Gifts."
£7 10s.: F. BRAMMER, 24, Larch Road, Cricklewood, N.W.
Mob Rule—Any Reform, To Die-hards!
£7: C. WINTERBONE, Shrubhurst, Brancaster Staithe, Norfolk.
Reunited—Dad—Stud—Collar—Family!
£6 10s.: H. M. MUGGLESTON, 23, Chelsea Road, Newton Heath, Manchester.
Waits—Fortunate—*Their* Ears Muffled!
£6: A. RUSSELL, 126, Clepington Road, Dundee.
We Say—Nothing—Cook's "Tough" Too.
£5 10s.: M. LAING, 32, Craven Park, Harlesden, N.W.
What The Flatterer Said—"And Daddy's Photo, Santa!"
£5: P. C. CLACK, The Highlands, Highworth, Swindon.
The Next Step—Nuffield Presents Boat-race Crew!

A list of all other cash Prize-winners together with 100 Hamper, 150, Turkey, 350 Christmas Cake and 400 Surrey Fowl winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."


RING IN THE NEW YEAR with a BIG BULLETS SUCCESS in this offer of
621
FINE DOUBLE AWARDS HEADED BY FORTUNE & PENSION
1st PRIZE £500
CASH, PLUS £10
EVERY NEW YEAR'S DAY FOR LIFE
PRIZES VALUE OVER £1,000
£25 PLUS HAMPER
£15 PLUS HAMPER
£10
£9.10 PLUS HAMPER
£9
£8.10 PLUS HAMPER
£8
£7.10 PLUS HAMPER
£7 PLUS HAMPER
£6.10 PLUS HAMPER
£5.10 PLUS HAMPER
£4.10 PLUS HAMPER
£3.10 PLUS HAMPER
£3 PLUS HAMPER
£2.10 PLUS HAMPER
100 BIG 10-in-1 NEW YEAR HAMPERS
100 PRIZES OF 2/6 EACH ONE COMPLETE COLLECTION OF "BULLETS" BULLETIN FOR 1936

LAST GREAT OFFER OF 1936 WITH 621 BIG OPPORTUNITIES!

NEW Year's Day will always be Prosperity Day for the competitor who heads the long list of winners in *Bullets* magnificent "Over Christmas" Offer, now in its closing stages. Besides a £500 fortune, you see, this entrant will receive a £10 cheque from JOHN BULL every New Year for life.

Christmas time, with its leisure and laughter, is just the time for making prize *Bullets*. Spend an entertaining afternoon or evening by your fireside, juggling with words to produce neat efforts with some of the *Examples* provided—that is the way to put *your* name on the golden Joy Wire which JOHN BULL will shortly despatch to the winner of this Contest's seasonable 2-in-1 First Prize.

A splendid array of other big prizes supports that £500 and £10 every New Year. With every cash prize of from £2 10s. to £50 JOHN BULL will present a bumper New Year Hamper, packed to the brim with good things of the famous Long Acre quality. Each of the next 100 winners, too, will receive one of these giant 10-in-1 Luxury Feasts.

Simple instructions, *Examples* and coupons for this last great *Bullets* offer of 1936 await you on this page; you alone can take the next step, the step of making that entry on which so much depends for you.

THE WAY TO WIN

READ through the list of *Examples* and select a few that appeal to you as particularly likely to lend themselves to telling comments. Write these chosen *Examples* down and next start to add all the ideas they bring to your mind.

Now go back to each rough note in turn and build it up into a *Bullet*. Remember that each of your finished efforts must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked with the selected *Example*.

Suppose, for instance, that one of the *Examples* you had written down was GET INTO LINE AND. This might well prompt the first thought, *Let All Nations Work For Peace*. From that quite ordinary beginning you could, after a few minutes' juggling with words, produce the typical *Bullet*, GET INTO LINE AND—MAKE ARMIES UNNECESSARY, EUROPE!

Before you start on your own efforts, study carefully the good points of the big winners in our 1,056th Contest on the opposite page. Then turn to the *Examples* without delay, for your entry *must* be in by Saturday, January 2.

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any "Example"

(Competition No. 1,057)

IT'S CORONATION YEAR, SO
MAN WITH A PUNCH
WHERE HELP IS NEEDED
TO PREVENT CRUELTY
JUMPED FOR JOY
DRUNKEN WORLD
WHAT THE KING SAID
AMBITION
FRESH START
GET INTO LINE AND
SPLIT IN THE RANKS
THWARTED
WITHOUT UNIFORMS
HE HAD EDUCATION, BUT
SHOT HIS BOLT
MURMURING
"IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT!"
FILM MAGNATE
ON HIS BEST BEHAVIOUR
PROVED HIS INNOCENCE
PEEVISHLY
COUNTRY MOUSE
SWARMING IN
AFTER THE FLOOD
WINTRY LOOK
FOR TWO
UNREASONABLE
ALL IS NOT LOST IF
FAMILY CARES
WHISPERS
LED UP THE GARDEN
FRAIL LITTLE THING
WHEN AUNTIE PLAYS CARDS
CRUMBLING CASTLES
NOTHING TO DO
LEAVES A NASTY TASTE

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified Judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

Give yourself this FREE NEW YEAR PRESENT!

Get in ahead of the rush for the new and improved 'Bullets' Bulletin of 1937.

Secure 48 pages of 'Bullets' and Crossword help at once—no better aid to success is published

USE THIS COUPON

YOU ARE INVITED TO
ENCLOSE THIS COUPON
WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR CROSSWORD ENTRY

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and "Crossword Gazette." I have affixed 6d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(1,057) Closing SAT., Jan. 2. | P.O. No. ..... | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(1,057) Closing SAT., Jan. 2. | P.O. No. ..... | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Signed ..... Address .....

Write name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(1,057) Closing SAT., Jan. 2. | P.O. No. ..... | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

Cut out each coupon separately.

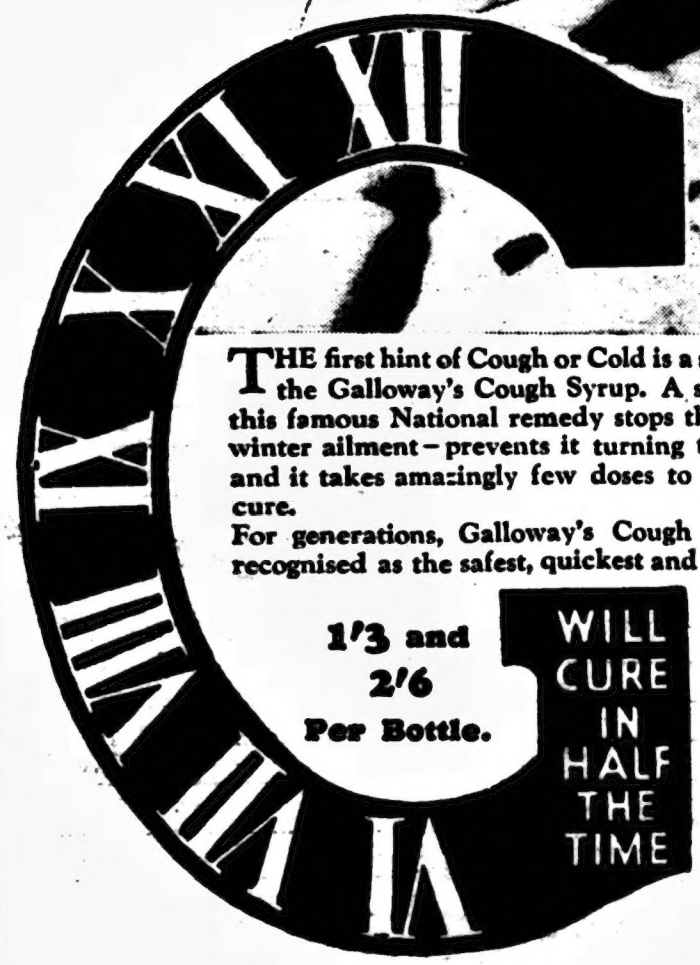
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(1,057) Closing SAT., Jan. 2. | P.O. No. ..... | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. | Signed ..... Address .....

If you want to enter further "Bullets," you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £3 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,057 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,057, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comps.)

A Timely Reminder!



THE first hint of Cough or Cold is a signal to bring out the Galloway's Cough Syrup. A single spoonful of this famous National remedy stops the progress of any winter ailment—prevents it turning to some worse ill and it takes amazingly few doses to effect a complete cure.

For generations, Galloway's Cough Syrup has been recognised as the safest, quickest and surest remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Flu, Whooping Cough and all Throat, Chest and Lung Ailments.

That's why wise mothers keep a bottle always handy in the house. Children love it!

From all Chemists and Stores throughout the United Kingdom, and all branches of Boots Cash Chemists and Timothy Whites & Taylors Ltd.

1/3 and 2/6 Per Bottle.

GALLOWAY'S COUGH SYRUP

P. H. Galloway Ltd., Qualified Chemists, London, S.E.17.

240 B 51

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